

William Oliver
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ONE PENNY.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE advices from the Continent, as far as they regard the Italian question, are more assuring. From a letter just published by General Turr, in which the views of Garibaldi are set forth, it appears that the latter expresses himself strongly against the policy of a section of the democratic party, in urging an immediate attack upon Rome or Venice; he advises rather that the Italians should practise the use of arms, and extend their military organization, in order to prepare themselves for the day of action on behalf of complete national independence, which must soon arrive.

Rattazzi, the Italian Minister in Paris, appears to have become quite a lion in that metropolis. It is believed that he has succeeded in a great measure in the object of his mission to the French capital. It is certain the policy of the Emperor with regard to the solution of the Roman question has assumed a more liberal phase, if the banquet of the press to Rattazzi, and the speeches delivered on the occasion go for anything. The Italian Parliament is announced to open at Turin on the 20th of this month, when some light will doubtless be thrown upon the situation.

As a preliminary step to the grand struggle, which, though delayed at present, is sure to come, the Emperor of Austria has suspended the Hungarian Constitution and proclaimed martial law. The bayonet now is the only ruler in that unfortunate and misgoverned country, and the people will have to suffer until the hour strikes which is to bring the deliverer. When that time comes, Austria will find, not one, but two peoples arrayed against her, and have to meet the shock of battle on the Adriatic as well as the Danube. Already there are appearances that the Montenegro insurrection will be made conducive to a general movement to free the populations on both river and seaboard, from Austrian as well as Turkish domination.

The King of Prussia, despite his Divine right assumptions, at his coronation, has come out as a reformer. It is announced that the Upper Chamber is to undergo a change in the popular



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON IN HIS ROBES OF OFFICE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

sense. The representatives of the landed interests are to be reduced from ninety to forty one. The Chamber is composed of hereditary peers, life peers, and the nominees of certain corporations or colleges of landed proprietors owning estates which had been in their families a certain number of years. It is the latter class that is now reduced in number, besides the years, during which property must be held in order to qualify for a share in the nomination of such representatives, are shortened. This decree is considered to be but a first step towards a comprehensive reform of the Prussian Upper House.

The Spanish Cortes have been opened by a Royal speech, in which great things are promised in the way of improving the internal affairs of the country. The revenue, unlike that of several leading European States, is declared to be equal to its expenditure. Great sympathy is expressed by Queen Isabella for the cause of the Pope; not at all a hopeful or Progressive sign.

We are glad to report that the storm in a tea cup, about the alleged violation of the Swiss territory by French troops, is being amicably settled by mutual explanations.

The American mail brings no decisive intelligence as to the progress on either side of the belligerents. The encounter at Leesburgh, which we noticed in our last, turns out to have been quite a disaster to the Federal troops engaged, who were driven back across the river with great slaughter. The difficulty is to find who was responsible for such a foolish move on the part of the Federalists, as the Commander-in-Chief repudiates it. It appears that the Federal division engaged was sent across the river in such a manner and with such an absence of support or means of transport, as to ensure its certain defeat if the enemy appeared in force against it, as they really seem to have done with a sanguinary issue. The material of the Federal army may be good, but hitherto it has been the victim of shocking bad generalship. With the exception of this episode, the two great armies are watching each other on the Potomac, though

the confederates have completely closed with their batteries the navigation below Washington. Two or three minor engagements are reported in other quarters, in all of which the Confederates appear to have been worsted. The chief of these is reported from Romney, in Western Virginia, where the Confederates were worsted with the loss of their camp equipage and three guns. General Fremont's guards on the Missouri are credited with having driven a strong body of the enemy from Springfield, and taken the town. General Henderson with four hundred Confederates had also capitulated. A later telegram states that General Fremont had been replaced in the command on the Missouri by General Hunter. The most remarkable news by the Arabia, however, is the departure of the expedition long preparing for a descent upon the South, from Hampton Roads on the Chesapeake. The *New York Tribune* contains an elaborate account of the squadron which sailed with sealed orders on the 29th, the tonnage employed amounts to forty thousand, and the number of guns mounted is four hundred; the total amount of men of both branches of the service engaged is upwards of thirty thousand, with an ample supply of all materials of war, and appliances for effecting a landing and making good their ground in an enemy's country. We shall therefore hear some exciting news ere long in relation to this formidable expedition.

The West African mail brings intelligence that the long missing traveller, Dr. Baikie, is still alive and well. It further informs us that that sable monster, the King of Dahomey, is about to perpetrate another horrible massacre, or "grand custom," as it is called, in celebration of the "new yam season." The performance is to consist of the striking off the heads of two thousand human beings. Something, surely, should be done to stay the perpetration of this act of revolting cruelty.

Our home news is still meagre. The Lord Mayor's procession and the gastronomic display in Guildhall have been the chief Metropolitan events. The show, beyond a little extra gilding, was like its predecessors, and can be judged of by our country cousins through the elaborate engraving given in this week's number. The banquet was only remarkable for the splendour of the appointments, the superior quality of the wine and viands, and the reticence of the speakers. Lord Palmerston made a speech, as did Earl Grey, and Mr. Adams, the American Minister. Yet the public, after reading the report will not be a whit the wiser as to the interesting matters which may be supposed to be at present uppermost in the orators' minds. The speeches were studiously worded not to give information, and they were perfectly successful.

While the American Ambassador was figuring at the Guildhall *fete*, the Confederate Commissioners, at present in this country, were enjoying themselves at the dinner given by the Fishmongers' Company, on the same evening. Mr. Yancey, one of the commissioners, on the occasion, was less reserved than Mr. Adams showed himself at the other place, for the claimed for the Confederate States the recognition of both France and England, and spoke strongly of the power of the South to achieve its independence. Events in course of development, will soon test this.

Dublin has been the theatre of a little excitement, consequent upon the funeral obsequies of Mr. Terence B. McManus. His remains recently arrived from America for interment in Ireland, and the latter ceremony took place with considerable pomp and parade on Sunday last. The procession which followed the hearse included deputations from America and various parts of Ireland, representatives of the trades and the Irish Brigade, and an immense number of private citizens. Funeral orations were delivered over the grave by Father Lavelle and Captain Smith, of New York. The Roman Catholic clergy appear, for the most part, to have held aloof from the demonstration, and some complaints are made on that account. The absence of the Dublin priesthood from the funeral is attributed to Archbishop Cullen, who did not relish the Democratic notions of the deceased.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

At the dinner which took place at Paris on the 10th, in honour of Signor Ratazzi, M. Guerout, editor of the *Opinion Nationale*, proposed "The Independence, Unity, and Liberty of Italy." M. Peyrat, editor of the *Presse*, "The Health of Garibaldi," and M. Havin, political director of the *Siecle*, "The Health of Signor Ratazzi, the Chevalier Nigra (the Italian Minister), and General Della Rocca."

Signor Ratazzi, in responding to these toasts, said: "I thank you for the words and wishes which you have expressed in favour of Italy, and in so doing my first thought is directed towards the Emperor Napoleon, the illustrious chief of your generous nation." Signor Ratazzi also expressed his thanks for the feelings of affection which France entertained towards Italy, "feelings which," he said, "find in return the most complete devotedness on the part of the Italians."

"Italy," continued Signor Ratazzi, "will never forget what she owes to your august Emperor, who, for her sake, has braved so many dangers, and who alone held out a hand to her in the worst moment of her distress. She will never forget the brave soldiers who fell in her cause, nor the army which made her free. She will never forget the generous political writers, and the whole French people, whose wishes accompanied every phase of her emancipation. The future cannot but give

more force to these sentiments. In this era of reconstitution of nationalities and grouping of sister nations, the union of the Latin race is not a vain word.

"Fraternally allied, as becomes men of the same origin, equal civilisation, and exactly similar ideas, and having the same interests, our two peoples, supported by the sympathies of other liberal nations, have nothing to fear from the rest of the world. When the hour strikes, France will see how well Italy understands her debt of gratitude and her duties of responsibility (*ses devoirs de solidarité*)."

M. Geoffrey St. Hilaire died at Paris on Monday.

SPAIN.

MADRID, NOV. 9.—The Cortes were opened to-day. The Queen in her speech announced that schemes of constitutional reform would be presented to the Cortes, and that her Government was occupied with improvement in the internal administration of the country. Her Majesty also announced that the revenue covered the expenditure. Great adhesion to the Papal cause was manifested in the Queen's speech. The election of the President of the Cortes then took place. Senor Martinez de la Rosa, the Ministerial candidate, was elected by 214 votes against 89 given in favour of Senor Rios Rosas, the opposition candidate.

HUNGARY.

SUSPENSION OF THE CONSTITUTION.—An autograph letter, addressed by the Emperor to Count Forgach, Aulic Chancellor for Hungary, has been published. The following is a summary of its contents:—"The disloyalty of the Hungarian municipalities, and the resistance, bordering on insurrection, to the measures taken by the Government for the maintenance of public order, menace that order in a most dangerous manner, without the authorities being able to safely administer the penal law. The public duty and the will of the Emperor requires that he should raise strong barriers against these excesses, and restore things to a state of order. As the convocation of the Hungarian Diet in a constitutional manner appears impracticable until order is re-established, all the existing authorities in the Comitate, districts, and communes are abolished, and Count Forgach is ordered to select persons to replace them, and to take care that the administration of public affairs in Hungary suffers no interruption. All persons charged with crimes against public order and safety shall be tried by military tribunals." In conclusion, the Emperor expresses an earnest wish that he may soon be enabled, by the re-establishment of public order, to proceed to the solution of the pending differences, and in future maintain entire the concessions he has granted to Hungary.

Count Nadassy, the ex-Minister of Justice, has been appointed Minister without portfolio, and Aulic Chancellor, for Transylvania. Tranquillity prevails at Pesth.

ITALY.

The *Monarchia Nazionale* of Turin says:—"General Turra has announced to the Central Committee, in the name of Garibaldi, that it is the firm intention of the latter not to provoke any movement in favour of Rome and Venice, and that his sole wish is that every means may be employed to promote the armament of the nation. Garibaldi also recommends concord among all classes of the Italian people, in order to accomplish the unification of Italy under Victor Emanuel, and requests those who do not accept this determination to leave the Committee and act on their own responsibility."

A letter from Genoa says that Garibaldi intends to try a new expedition to Montenegro, that is to say, to send there a Slave Legion, under the command of Louis Mieroslawski. At the present moment there are at Genoa more than 200 Poles belonging to the "young emigration," which Mieroslawski has brought together from Paris, Naples, and Turin. Another hundred is composed of the different Slave tribes before mentioned; and then there are from 100 to 150 Magyars, who are placed under the special direction of MM. Korsuth and Klapka. Certain political eventualities are awaited before putting the project in execution.

MONTENEGRO.

RAGUSA, SUNDAY.—The insurgents have occupied the town and Custom House of Ragusa, near this city. The Arnauts have fled to Ragusa.

The insurrection in the Herzegovina is still extending.

AFRICA.

The Royal Mail steamship *Strophie* with the mails, arrived at Liverpool on Saturday afternoon, after a very rapid passage from the West Coast of Africa.

By this arrival we are placed in possession of news which cannot fail to interest the public. We allude to the long lost African explorer, Dr. Baikie, regarding whose fate there has been so much speculation. It will be remembered that Dr. Baikie was for some time attached to the Niger expedition, and the last heard from him until the present time was upwards of two years ago. Since then the fate of himself and his assistant was a mystery, but it was generally believed that he had either perished from the sickness and fatigue incident on his explorations, or that he had fallen a victim to some of the savage tribes of the country. We are, however, glad to say that the adventurous explorer and his assistant have at last been discovered alive and well, after a residence of two years among the natives, during which time they were without communication with Europeans.

Another of those diabolical massacres, which is a disgrace to humanity, was about to be carried into effect at Dahomey. The cannibal King is going to have another "grand custom." This sacrifice is to celebrate the new yam season, and the preparations were to have been of the most complete character. All the principal natives and traders at Lagos had received invitations to be present to witness the ceremony of cutting off the heads of about 2,000 human beings. From this it would appear that the protest lately made against such acts of barbarism by the British Government, through the late Mr. Consul Foote, has had no effect on the King of Dahomey, and the general opinion is that until "his Majesty" is disposed of, by summary or other means, this reign of terror will not abate, the cultivation of the country round Dahomey, down to the very seaboard, was neglected in consequence of the observance of these cruel "customs." Hunting parties had been sent out to capture the unhappy victims for these sacrifices from the neighbouring tribes.

From Lagos we learn that a report was very prevalent at that place that the ex-King Dosomer had mustered about 2,000 natives, under arms, for the purpose of capturing the acting governor of Lagos, Commander Beddingfield, R.N., and massacring the merchants. The plot, however, had exploded, and the ex-King then vanished.

AMERICA.

The Royal Mail steamship *Arabia*, from Boston on the 30th ult., and *Halifax* on the 1st inst., has arrived at Liverpool. She brings 93 passengers, and gold quartz value \$3,727 for England.

The *New York Herald*, of the 29th inst., states that the objects expected to be realised from the great naval expedition are fourfold: "1st. To carry the war into the cotton States, which are chiefly responsible for the rebellion, and, by doing so, to produce the disorganisation and dispersion of the immense rebel army now collected in Virginia. 2nd. To secure winter quarters for our troops, and harbours of refuge for our naval and mercantile marine. 3rd. To open one or more Southern ports to commerce, and thus satisfy all demands and obviate all difficulties about the supply of cotton and the efficacy of the blockade; and 4th. To form nuclei in the rebel states near which the long-suppressed loyalty and good sense of the people may find safe and appropriate expression; and to encourage and stimulate this reactionary feeling, of which we had seen such a remarkable and encouraging manifestation in North Carolina."

Mr. Memminger, the Secretary of the Confederate Treasury, has issued a circular, dated Richmond, October 17, relative to the produce loan and the appeal of the cotton planters for relief. Mr. Memminger, in the name of the Cabinet, declines to grant any relief either by the purchase of the cotton crop or an advance upon its hypothecated value. He declares that the South, being now engaged in a gigantic war, needs money, and no planters' notes or produce, and explains that what the Government requires is a loan from the planters secured by Treasury notes, which now form the currency of the Confederate States. He advises the planters to apply to the banks for relief, and recommends them to apply themselves in future to the cultivation of grain and other products, rather than to that of cotton.

Brigadier-General Kelly attacked Romney, Western Virginia, on the night of the 25th inst., after a march from New Creek, and completely routed the rebels, taking some prisoners, three pieces of artillery, and all their wagons and camp equipage. The Confederates retreated towards Winchester.

The *Herald* of the 28th Oct. states that information reached the Federal Government on the previous day that the Confederate army in front of Washington had been divided in expectation of an attack by the Federal forces at other points. A large body had gone to Leesburg, where General G. W. Smith commands, fearing a renewal of the attack by General Banks's column, and an immense force has been concentrated at Norfolk, it was supposed in anticipation that the naval expedition was to make a demonstration in that quarter. The main body of the enemy is still at Centreville.

A dispatch has been received at St. Louis from Major-General Fremont, dated from his headquarters at Homansville, stating that his guard, headed by Major Seaygoine, made a dashing charge upon a body of rebels, 2,400 strong, in their camp at Springfield, and drove them from the town, and, after planting the national flag on the Court House, withdrew to a reinforcement which was approaching to join him. General Fremont states that his advance would occupy Springfield on the night of the 26th ult.

These skirmishes are reported to have taken place in Kentucky, in both of which the Federal troops were successful. A scouting party of the Illinois 28th encountered a party of rebel cavalry and infantry on the 26th, 30 miles below Cairo, and routed them. The second affair also took place on the 26th, between three companies of the Illinois 9th and a company of rebel cavalry, 48 miles up the Cumberland river from Paducah. The rebels were completely routed, with the loss of 13 killed, 24 prisoners, 52 horses, and all their camp equipage.

The *New York Herald* states that Garibaldi has written the following letter to the United States' consul at Antwerp: Caprera, Sept. 10, 1861. My dear Sir,—I saw Mr. Sandford, and regret to be obliged to announce to you that I shall not be able to go to the United States at present. I do not doubt of the triumph of the cause of the Union, and that shortly. But if the war should unfortunately continue in your beautiful country, I shall overcome all obstacles which detain me, and hasten to the defence of a people who are dear to me. G. GARIBALDI.

To Mr. Quiggle, United States' Consul at Antwerp.

We have news from New York a day later by telegraph to Halifax.

In case of the privateer *Savannah* the jury were discharged, being unable to agree upon a verdict.

Advices from Havana confirm the news of the arrival there of Messrs. Mason and Shidell, the Confederate commissioners, and state that they intended to leave for Europe on the 8th November, by the English mail steamer.

The great naval expedition sailed from Hampton Roads on the 29th October.

The rumour that the clerk of the Commodore had absconded with the sealed orders proves to be unfounded.

General Henderson has capitulated with 400 rebels in Missouri, on the condition of their laying down their arms.

According to the latest accounts from Kentucky, the Federals were gaining ground.

The following official statement has been received:—

The power of the loyal States girds the rebels closer and closer. 50,000 troops on land are stretching from Kansas to Cape Hatteras, and are slowly but surely pushing the rebellion into the interior of the Slave States, where it will inevitably perish. There is no abatement of the military spirit in the States, now that the harvest has fully ended. Volunteers for the war fill up the regiments with astonishing alacrity; and it is questionable that the determination to restore the Union, and accept no compromise whatever with the slavery propagandists, increases daily. The annual fall elections in the North and West have resulted almost without opposition in sustaining the policy of the Federal Government. If President Lincoln will fight, and keep on fighting, the Free States will give men and money without restraint.

An immense naval expedition sailed for an unknown destination on the coast of the Atlantic cotton States on the 29th instant. It was composed of 21 transport vessels, 16 steam gunboats, and 8 men of war carrying 353 guns. It took out 30,000 men of both services, immense quantities of ordnance, a large number of surf-boats, and house-frames ready to be put up, 1,500 shovels, brick in quantity, and all necessary materials for carrying on a campaign, together with the supplies for the artillery and cavalry horses.

On the 26th October the order of the Commander-in-Chief

Home News.

That General Fremont should surrender his command to the officer next below him, General Hunter, accompanied by a set of instructions to General Hunter, was sent out by the President by a special messenger to General Curtiss in command at St. Louis, with directions to the latter to deliver it to General Fremont, unless he was actually in the presence of the army or preparing for a battle.

The Duke of Newcastle has arrived at Thomas's Hotel, Berkeley-square.

The Earl of Derby has come to town to-day, from Knowsley Hall, for a few days.

Earl Russell left Windsor Castle on Saturday, and proceeded to Cambridge.

The materials of the India House in Leadenhall-street were sold by auction last week.

The foundation stone of the Smithfield Club has just been laid in Islington by Lord Berners. The cost is to be £30,000.

Sheridan Knowles, it is stated, is suffering from severe illness in the neighbourhood of Belfast.

The Bishop of Durham has been appointed a Commissioner of Durham University.

It is expected that her Majesty and the Royal Family will leave Windsor Castle for Osborne in a fortnight.

We regret to announce the death of General Sir Howard Douglas, which took place on Saturday, at the advanced age of 81.

Arrangements for presenting Miss Jolly with an appropriate testimonial for her conduct in connection with the recent outrage are going forward in Dublin.

It is rumoured in Westminster Hall, that Mr. Justice Hill will retire from the bench before the close of the present term.

The present Attorney-General is named as his successor.

The prices of wheaten bread in the metropolis are from 8d to 9d.; of household ditto, 7d. to 7½. Some bakers are selling from 6d. to 6½d. a 4lb loaf, weighed on delivery.

On Saturday evening the plenipotentiaries of the Confederate States of America—the Hon. Dudley Mann and the Hon. W. L. Yancey—dined with the Fishmongers' Company.

The Bishop of Durham has been appointed a Commissioner of Durham University. The late bishop was named in the act, but all future vacancies were to be filled by the Crown.

Tuesday, the 10th, Wednesday, the 11th, Thursday, the 12th, and Friday, the 13th of December, are the days appointed for the Christmas cattle show of the Smithfield Club, which for the last time will be held at the Baker-street Bazaar.

On Saturday at the Shire Hall, Norwich, James Bloomfield Nash, eldest son of the notorious murderer of that name, was brought up on a charge of breaking into the house of John Carson, a bricklayer, at Hethersett, and stealing a watch and some electro-plated spoons.

The new school-rooms which are to be built at Eton College have just been commenced. The site selected adjoins the boarding-house of the Rev. W. Wayte, at the corner of the Slough-road, nearly opposite the back of the head master's house.

The Glasgow Council of United Trades has issued an address to the working men of the United Kingdom, suggesting a plan of common action for the purpose of securing an extension of the franchise. This is being followed up by the Delegates forming the London Trades' Council.

Lord Brougham left London on Friday by the special train of the South Eastern Company, and crossed to Boulogne in the afternoon by the company's boat Prince Ernest. His lordship, who is proceeding to his seat at Cannes, in the south of France, appeared to be in improved health.

The election of a representative for the borough of Lincoln took place on Saturday morning. Mr. Joseph Shuttleworth proposed, and Councillor Battle seconded, the nomination of Charles Sealey, Esq. There being no other candidate, Mr. Sealey was declared duly elected.

The marriage of the Princess Alice, and the Great International Exhibition, will make the season of 1862 a gay and brilliant one, and we are justified in announcing that it will commence unusually early. We believe that the Court will arrive at Buckingham Palace in January, and that her Majesty will open the season soon after.—*Court Journal*.

During the last week there were large arrivals of East Indian cotton in the Mersey. On one day there were no fewer than five large ships posted as having arrived from Bombay, having on board 25,461 bales of cotton. The quantities of East India cotton now at sea, according to late advices, are 135,694 bales, against 55,812 bales for the corresponding period last year.

On Tuesday morning, according to annual custom, the nomination of sheriffs for the various counties of England and Wales, with the exception of Lancashire, Cornwall, and Middlesex, took place in the Court of Exchequer, in the presence of a large number of visitors, who were attracted thither by the ceremony. When the lists for England and Wales had been completed, the members of the government and the judges retired from the court.

Dr. Bonthron, of West Linton, Peeblesshire, writes to the Edinburgh papers (that while riding home, at half-past eleven o'clock on the night of the 5th inst., he discovered in the eastern horizon a large and very conspicuous comet. At that hour it occupied a point of the horizon due east, and was but a few degrees above the earth's seeming level.

On Sunday forenoon, between ten and eleven o'clock, the metropolis and several of the suburban districts were visited by a severe storm of lightning, thunder, and hail, which did serious mischief to property in various parts. Strange as it may appear, the storm did not reach the western districts, and the inhabitants at Notting-hill were in perfect ignorance of it or the mischief done.

Lord Palmerston returned to town from Broadlands on Friday evening. The Duke of Newcastle arrived at Thomas's Hotel on Friday evening, from Clumber-park. Lord Granville arrived in town on Saturday afternoon, from Windsor Castle.

Mr. Cardwell is in London, and has recovered from his indisposition. The Lord Chancellor and the Duke of Somerset are also in London. Mr. Gladstone arrived in town, from Hawarden Castle, on Monday. Secretary Sir George Grey arrived on Friday from Fallodon. Several other members of the Cabinet arrived also in town on Tuesday.

The Prince of Wales having attained his twentieth year on

Saturday, the day was celebrated with the usual rejoicings. In the morning the bells of the different metropolitan steeples rang forth merry peals, and at one o'clock the guns in St. James's Park and at the Tower, Woolwich, &c., were fired in honour of the event. Flags were displayed from the various steeples and the Government offices during the day and in the evening the West-end clubs, theatres, and Royal tradesmen illuminated. The tradesmen of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales celebrated His Royal Highness's birthday by dining together in St. James's Hall.

On Sunday last the funeral of the late Terence M'Manus took place at Dublin, giving occasion to a remarkable demonstration of feeling on the part of the Catholic portion of the population. The report of the ceremonials occupies several columns in the Irish journals. The line of route and the neighbourhood where the procession was to form were crowded with people anxious to witness the proceedings in connection with the funeral. The procession included the stewards, members of committee, bands, the hearse, chief mourners, New York and Californian deputations, Irish and English deputations, funeral carriages, &c., and lastly, the general public in lines eight deep, with black crape on the left arm. It may be mentioned that none of the Dublin priests were present, owing, it is said, to the instructions of Dr. Cullen.

On Friday evening a party of gentlemen assembled at the Royal Hotel, Southampton, to present a testimonial to Mr. J. R. Croskey, formerly the United States' Consul at Southampton, as a mark of their esteem for his character, and gratitude for the great services which he rendered to this port during a period of fourteen years that he was a resident among them. Mr. Croskey is about to proceed on business to Buenos Ayres, where he will remain for some time. The testimonial consists of a most elegant six-branch candelabra, with a pretty basket on the top for fruit or flowers. The whole article is very massive, weighing at least 650 ounces of silver. The chair was occupied by R. Colles, Esq., Mayor of Southampton. The presentation was made by Mr. J. R. Stebbing. Various toasts were drunk, and a most pleasant evening was spent by the company.

ALDERMAN SALOMONS met his Greenwich constituents last week. He was well received, and at some length recapitulated the results of the last session, which, he considered, had not been altogether barren, as many most important measures had become law. He repeated his opinion that no important measure of parliamentary reform would ever be carried unless there was a strong agitation on the subject out of doors. The worthy member then referred to other questions in similar terms as at previous meetings recently held in the borough, and after expressing his wish to answer any inquiries, resumed his seat amidst applause. A resolution expressive of continued confidence in Alderman Salomons as a representative of the borough was unanimously adopted.

The year 1860 will be noted as an epoch in Canadian history as being the first year during which our exports exceeded our imports. The following table of importations and exportations, from 1851 to 1860 inclusive, will prove interesting:—

1851	21,431,790	dols.	13,810,604	dols.
1852	20,286,492		15,307,607	
1853	31,981,436		23,801,303	
1854	40,529,325		23,019,190	
1855	36,086,169		28,188,460	
1856	43,584,387		32,047,017	
1857	39,428,584		27,006,624	
1858	29,978,527		23,472,609	
1859	33,555,161		27,766,981	
1860	34,441,621		34,631,890	

Mr. Spurgeon has given another lecture before the Educational Institution in connection with the Tabernacle. The subject was that of Illustrious Lord Mayors. The reverend gentleman said that it had never entered into his head that the lectures would have attained the notoriety they had gained. Since then he had been advised by several friends not to take such a subject as the one he proposed to deal with, as it might again provoke criticism. To which his reply was—that was the very reason why he would take it. He had never yet showed any white feather; he had never used a white feather; he had no stock of the kind on hand; and it was not likely that he should begin to use them then. He could only say to those who chose to criticise anything he might choose to say, that they were at all times perfectly welcome. The licentiousness of the press had attained its greatest height in his case. It might even go beyond that limit, if it pleased. He believed, with regard to those who chose to slander him, that he had only to give them rope enough, and they should have any quantity they pleased. He would not advance any defence in favour of himself. He had served God in that church and the church at large, with a single heart, and the day would declare who had best served his lord. The reverend gentleman then proceeded with the subject of his lecture, which presented none of those salient points, which in the recent discourses on the "Gorilla" and "Shrews," called forth so much remark and criticism.

The Great Eastern Company met last week at the London Tavern to transact business relative to the great ship. The Secretary read a report from which we make the abstract:—It referred to the accident the vessel met with on the 12th Sept. last, while on her voyage to New York, with 404 cabin and steerage passengers and a considerable cargo. From calculations which had been made, it appeared that £25,000 would be required to equip the ship and fit her for another voyage. The directors had funds in hand to meet that expenditure, with the exception of £8,000, and it had been agreed, in order to make up that sum, and the necessary working expenses in fitting out the ship for another voyage, to raise the sum of £25,000 by debentures bearing interest at the rate of 10 per cent., to be secured by a second mortgage on the ship. Of that sum, £15,810 had been already subscribed, and £9,190 remained to be made up. The report concluded by expressing the confidence of the directors in the ultimate success of the ship, and the realisation of their most sanguine expectations respecting her. Reports were also read from Mr. Brereton and Mr. Penn, engineers, detailing the injuries the vessel had sustained, which were confined to her sternpost, rudder-head, and paddle-wheels; the imperfect welding of the rudder-head plate being attributed by Mr. Penn as the cause of the accident. The report was adopted. The chairman next moved that the sum of £25,000 be raised by debentures, bearing interest at the rate of 10 per cent., and secured by a second mortgage on the ship, which motion, having been seconded, was unanimously agreed to.

LAW AND POLICE.

COMPTON v. COMPTON AND BARKING.—In this case, which appeared in all the papers some months ago, the husband obtained a verdict of £600 damages, and the Court pronounced the decree nisi dissolving the marriage, on the ground of the wife's adultery with the co-respondent, who holds the rank of captain in the English army. Last week, in the Divorce Court, Dr. Spinks, for the petitioner, moved that the decree might be made absolute, and that the co-respondent might be ordered to pay the damages to the petitioner, as there were no children of the marriage. Mr. Mundell appeared for the co-respondent. Mr. Searle, with whom was Mr. Joyce, for the respondent, asked for an order that the damages might be settled upon her. His lordship said he was not at all inclined to make such an order. He would make the decree absolute, and order the damages to be paid to the petitioner.

MADIN AND WIFE v. CATANACH.—AN INFIDEL WITNESS.—This case came before the Court of Exchequer on Monday by way of appeal from a decision of Mr. Christopher Temple, Judge of the County Court, Rochdale, who refused to receive the evidence of the plaintiff's wife. It appeared that the plaintiff brought an action in the name of himself and his wife to recover £25, the value of a pianoforte, which belonged to the latter prior to her marriage. The plaintiff's wife was a material witness in support of the case, but the defendant's advocate objected to the reception of her testimony on the ground of want of religious belief, as she did not believe in the existence of a God, or of a future state of rewards and punishments. The judge refused to allow the witness to give her evidence, and nonsuited the plaintiffs, giving leave for an appeal to the Court on a point of law. The Lord Chief Baron gave judgment refusing the rule. He said, we are not here to make but to administer the law, and the party must be sworn by some religious ceremony unless it be dispensed with by act of parliament, and in this case no act of Parliament exists.

VITRIOL THROWING.—On Saturday, Ellen Smith, a married woman, 32 years of age, having no home, was charged at the Thames Police-court, with throwing a quantity of oil of vitriol at Richard Chapman, a cow-keeper, and William Samuels, a boy in his service, in Anchor and Hope-alley, Wapping, with intent to do them grievous bodily harm; she was also charged with attempting to commit suicide. The prisoner is a most desperate and troublesome woman, and has made various attempts to commit self-destruction. She abandoned her husband three years ago, and had been co-habiting with the milkman, Chapman, till a few weeks back, when he "shook her off," and left her, in consequence of her continually getting drunk and acting in a most disorderly manner. She had endeavoured to renew the intercourse, but he refused to have anything more to do with her. She then procured some vitriol, and watched an opportunity when Chapman and Samuels were delivering milk at their customers' houses, and threw the vitriol at Chapman. It passed his face, and struck that of Samuels, which it much disfigured. She had often said that she would destroy Chapman's eyes. She was immediately taken into custody, and on her way to the station-house, it being necessary to pass through the London Docks, she escaped from the constables, and threw herself into the water. Drags were procured, and she was soon got out again before life was extinct. She was fully committed for trial.

SPRING AND DECEMBER.—A BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE CASE.—BRADFORD v. WHITTINGHAM.—This was an action (tried in the Court of Queen's Bench) brought by a young lady, of considerable personal attractions, to recover compensation in damages against an elderly farmer for breach of promise of marriage. The damages were laid at £1,100. The case was tried at the last assizes at Derby, before the Lord Chief Baron, and resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff, with £300 damages.—Mr. Serjeant Hayes now moved for a rule nisi, calling on the plaintiff to show cause why the verdict should not be set aside and a new trial had, or the damages be reduced, on the ground that they were excessive. Plaintiff was the daughter of a small farmer, who occupied about eight acres of land, and she was a dressmaker, who went about farmers' houses, and made therein dresses for the females of the household. She was about five-and-twenty years of age, and the defendant was upwards of sixty. He had been a butcher, and, having retired from that business, he now occupied a small farm of about five-and-twenty acres. It appeared from the evidence that the defendant had been addicted to habits of intoxication, and that at his (defendant's) first interview with the parents of the lady and herself he was rather intoxicated. Thus, under the influence of "the spirit," and moved by the charms of Miss Bradford, he at once proposed to marry her, and to settle £1,000 on her. The lady, after some time, having taken some time to consider, consented to take the defendant "for better for worse;" but the course of true love never yet ran smooth, and the match was ultimately broken off by the defendant. The young lady then brought her action for breach of promise. Defendant's counsel, at the trial, urged, as a ground for a reduction of damages, the disparity of years between the parties, the habits of the defendant, and their conditions in life. No feelings of the young lady could be supposed, he said, to be injured, no broken heart be held up to evoke the sympathy of the jury, and no evidence adduced to evince that she had sustained any damage. The Lord Chief Baron, however, in summing up, took a different view of the case, and said that, notwithstanding the disparity of years, the marriage might be a more than ordinarily happy one. (Laughter.) It, however, his lordship continued, did not lie in the defendant to set up his habits of intoxication as a plea for a reduction of damages. The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff, with, as stated, £300 damages. The defendant, the learned serjeant continued, now moved, on affidavit, that he was not worth more than £500, and he denied all recollection of his having said that he was worth £1,000. There were also affidavits to show that the defendant had sustained a serious injury, a couple of years ago, by an accident, which occasioned compression of the brain, and affected his conduct since. The learned serjeant's affidavits also stated that the defendant was so amorously influenced by the effects of the accident on his system, that he made similar offers of marriage to no less than four other young ladies within a short time, and broke his plighted faith to all of them. The judges laughed heartily at the narration in the affidavits of the old gentleman's wooings, whims, and inconsistency, and granted a rule nisi for a new trial, unless the plaintiff should consent to reduce the damages to £100.

(Continued on page 87.)

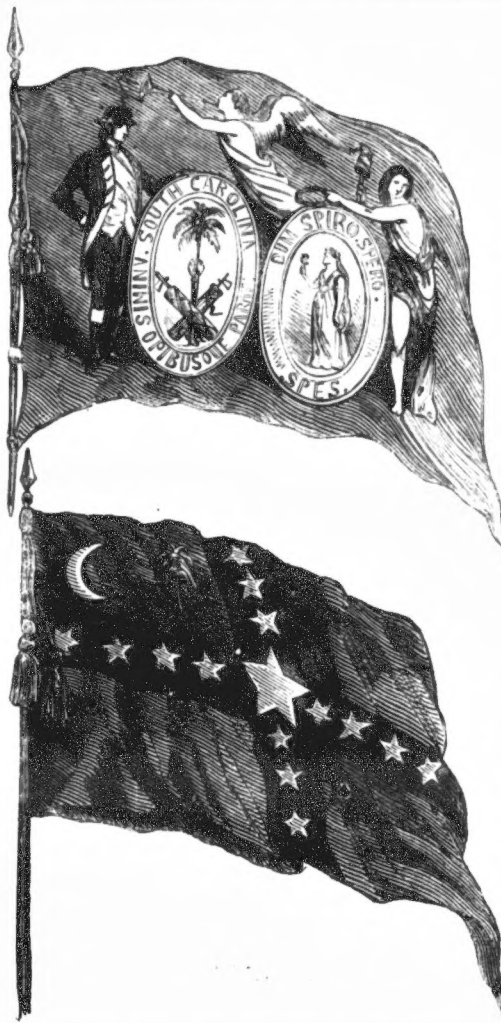
VOLUNTEER MOVEMENTS.

On Friday, the members of the North Middlesex Rifles shot for two prizes. The first was a five-grooved long Enfield rifle, value £5, the gift of Lieut. Colonel Lord Enfield. This prize was open to all members of the corps who had paid their subscriptions for the current year. The conditions were five rounds at each range of 200, 400, and 600 yards; no bullseye to count at 200 yards. Corporal Pavey became the winner by scoring 18 points. Some of the other scores were exceedingly creditable. The next prize was a cup, value £22, presented by Major Ross, open to all effective members of the corps—5 rounds at each range of 300, 400, and 500 yards. The rule imposed by the donor necessitated a score of four points or more at 300 yards, and an aggregate score of not less than seven points at the two first ranges, to qualify for shooting at the final range; no bullseye to count at 300 yards; centres to count two. Private Tilley made the highest score, viz., 15 points. An objection, however, was raised to him being declared the victor, on the ground that he was not an effective member. Lance Corporal Spinks and Lance Corporal Harrison, who made 14 each, shot off the tie at 500 yards, to determine who was the winner in the event of Tilley being disqualified on reference to head-quarters. Spinks won the tie.

Saturday was the last day of the competition, when the shooting for the St. Pancras Cup took place under very favourable circumstances. The conditions were five rounds at each range of 300, 400, 500 yards. A score of not less than four points to be made at 300 yards, and an aggregate score of not less than eight points at the two ranges, to qualify for shooting at the final range. No bullseye to count at 300 yards, and centres to count two. In the competition at the 500 yards, Captain Hopkinson and Corporal Humphrey tied at 16 points, and in shooting off, the latter won, after two other ties. Corporal Humphrey having on Friday declared to take Captain Cameron's cup in preference to the cup presented by the ladies, adhered to that selection, and Captain Hopkinson became the possessor of the St. Pancras cup. The next prize was a silver tankard, the second of two prizes presented by the colonel, to be shot for by members who had passed into the first or second class. Five rounds at each range of 500, 600, or 700 yards. Private S. Morgan became the winner, although Colour Sergeant Spinks ran him close up to the last round at 700 yards, prior to which it was a tie, when Morgan went in and won with a centre. A prize, presented by Private Berry, of the 2nd company, was won by Private Hunter, who made 9 points in five shots at 200, and one at 500 yards. Sergeant Major Cox made 10 points, but as, by agreement, he allowed all the other competitors two points, Hunter won. A sweepstakes, won by Sergeant Major Cox, terminated the shooting.

The distribution of prizes to the successful competitors, at the recent contest amongst the volunteers of Chester, took place at the Music Hall on Thursday evening. The Bishop, in distributing the prizes, after a somewhat eloquent and patriotic speech, made some pleasant allusions and kind remarks to each victor. Several handsome pieces of plate, about £100 in money prizes, the challenge gold medal, and the Mayor's purse, won by Corporal Dickson, were presented during the evening. The hall was crowded to excess, and the whole proceeding passed off with the greatest eclat.

In commemoration of the birthday of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who is honorary colonel of the 21st Middlesex (Civil Service) the battalion prizes were competed for



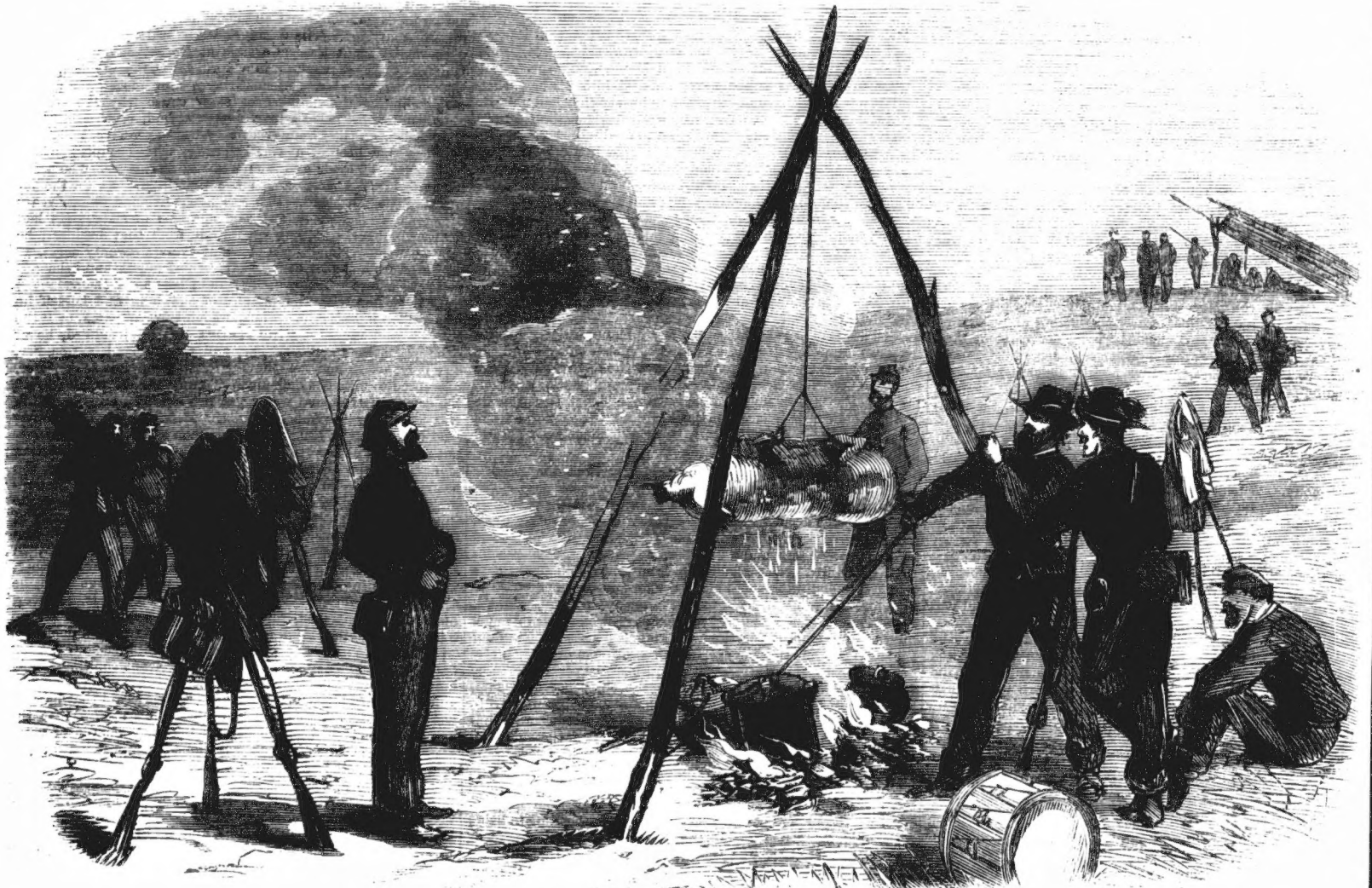
THE PALMETTO FLAG—THE STANDARD OF THE CONFEDERATE SOUTHERN STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

on Saturday afternoon, at the butts of the London Scottish Rifles and their own, at Wimbledon-common. Each company was represented by ten men, who had made the highest score at a competition in their respective companies. The weather was very favourable. The officer in command was Ensign J. D. Campbell, musketry instructor to the corps. The shooting was very good. At the 200 yards' range there were 65

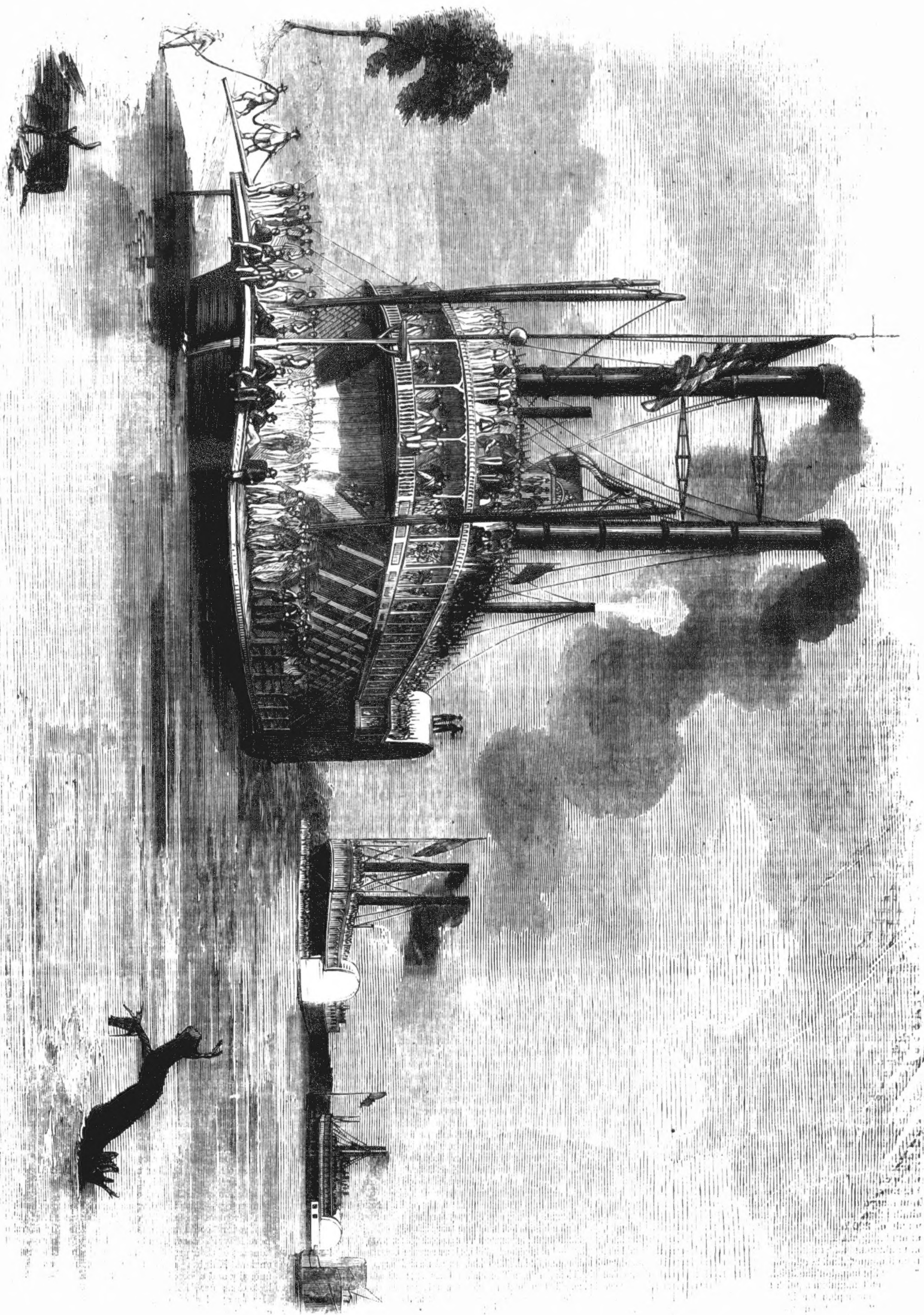
competitors, and the average to each man was 7 points. Seven members were thrown out, in accordance with the rules, for not having made 5 points at this range, and will be disqualified from further competition this year. The average at the 300 yards' range was 5 points, and there were 58 competitors. Thirty-seven members only competed at the 500 yards' range, and the average was 4½ points. For the 600 yards' range there were 33 competitors, the average number of points made being 4. After an exciting contest, Sergeant Hamilton, of the 1st Whitehall Company, made 28 points at the four ranges, and consequently takes the first prize. The winner of the second prize has not yet been declared. Sergeant Tucker, of the Audit Office Company, won a Whitworth rifle, presented by the Artists' Rifle Corps, on the previous Saturday.

The first class men of the First Middlesex corps assembled on Friday last at Wormwood Scrubs to compete for their share of the £50 presented by their commanding officer, his grace the Duke of Wellington. The contest, under the supervision of the acting musketry instructor, Ensign Thrupp, was commenced at ten a.m., under the disadvantage of a thick haze, almost rendering the target invisible at times. The prizes were awarded as follows, with the accompanying scores:—1st. Mr. Hickley, making 20 points; 2nd. Mr. F. May, 20 points; 3rd. Sergeant Anderson, 19 points; 4th. Mr. Clayton, 19 points. The ranges were those of the second period, viz., 400, 500, 550, and 600 yards, five shots at each range. Mr. Hickley and May making the same score, the first prize was awarded to the former, as having made the larger number of hits. Messrs. Anderson and Clayton decided their tie by a shot at 600 yards, when the third place was awarded to the sergeant.

The contest for prizes given to the A company West Middlesex Rifles took place on Saturday afternoon, at Wormwood Scrubs. The first prize shot for was a carved walnut-wood box, presented by Sergeant Lang. Ranges 150, 200, and 300 yards; 5 rounds. Private R. Garner won the prize. The next prize consisted of £5, given by T. Hughes, Esq., first prize; and a short Enfield rifle, presented by Lieutenant Marriner, as a second prize. Ranges 200 and 300 yards. Sergeant Musset won the first prize, Private C. M. Blades the second. The prize of £5 5s., presented by Sergeant Hanson, to be shot for by the fifteen best attendants at drill, was then competed for at ranges of 150 and 250 yards. This prize was also won by Sergeant Musset with 14 points. The contest then took place for a Westley Richards rifle, given by Lord Radstock as a prize for skirmishing; competitors to run half a mile in full uniform, with rifle, &c., within five minutes, and then judge distance up to 600 yards in six answers; the ten men making the highest score in judging distance to fire 15 rounds at 400 yards at a target two feet wide. The following members obtained the highest score in judging distance:—Capt. Dear, Lieut. Marriner, Ensign Messer, Sergeant Gibbs, Sergeant Hensley, and Privates Cowles, Prosser, Ainsworth, Greenwood, and Paget. In shooting off at 400 yards, Lieut. Marriner made 11 points, and was declared the winner—Captain Dear scoring 10 points; but at the conclusion of this match the markers reported that a centre had been scored as an outer. It being difficult to decide to which score it had been placed, it was arranged that Capt. Dear and Lieut. Marriner should fire five more rounds to decide the prize. The latter gentleman made 4 points against 1 of Capt. Dear's, and proved the winner. The first prize was open to all first and second class shots in the battalion.



THE AMERICAN WAR—A FORAGING PARTY ROASTING A PIG.



ACCIDENTS AND CASALTIES.

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A THEATRE BURNED.—The Victoria-street Theatre, Belfast, a wooden erection, was last week completely destroyed by a fire, which for some time threatened the adjoining premises.

FATAL ACCIDENT IN THE MARYLEBONE-ROAD.—The stores of Messrs. Foster and Sons, situate at No. 242, Marylebone-road, were, last week, the scene of a fatal accident. The basement floor fell in while a number of men were at work below. One man was killed, and four others received injuries.

A MAN AND TWO HORSES DROWNED.—On Tuesday night a man named Abraham Walker, a farm servant, was drowned in the river Nidd, with two horses belonging to his master.

BURNING OF THE BRISTOL SHIP FOREST QUEEN.—News has reached Bristol of the burning of the ship *Forest Queen* at Baraca, Cuba. The vessel, it appears, first ran on a reef, and afterwards caught fire and was burnt to the water's edge.

THE MURDER AND SUICIDE AT MYTHOLMOYD.—The poor woman named Greenwood, who murdered her child at Mytholmroyd a few days ago, died on Wednesday evening from the effects of the wounds she inflicted upon herself, in her subsequent attempt to deprive herself of life.

THE LATE LORD CHARLES BEAUCLEER.—This nobleman, who lost his life at Scarborough, in endeavouring to save the life of his fellowmen, was son of the eighth and uncle of the present Duke of St. Albans. He was born in 1813, and married, in 1842, the only daughter of Col. Stopford. This lady died in 1858, leaving a numerous family. Lord Charles, who formerly held a commission in the 1st Royals, was at the time of his death a major in the Northumberland Light Infantry Militia.

ALLEGED CAB OUTRAGE AT ROCHEDALE.—A cabman named *Michael Riley*, charged with an assault on a Mrs. Sharp, whilst riding in his cab, was examined in the Rochdale Court last week, when Mrs. Sharp gave evidence. After detailing the assault complainant said:—The prisoner pulled up again when near Mr. Hartley's factory, and got off the box. He asked me to make no bother about it, and I said I would be very sorry to do so, as he was a young man. He said he would drive me home, if I would tell him where I lived, but I refused to do so. The policeman came up, and he let me out. I was then very much exhausted, and I went to the police office, and remained there until the defendant was brought in. I was not able to walk, I was that frightened. After some consultation, the presiding magistrate told the defendant that as he had expressed his contrition for the offence he would be discharged.

A SHIP ON FIRE.—Considerable excitement was caused in Liverpool last week in consequence of the announcement that "The City of Agra, from Bombay, was on fire in the Albert dock." As this dock is almost exclusively used by large first-class ships, principally in the East India and China trade, and surrounded by large warehouses, in which are stored immense quantities of general produce—cotton, wood, tea, sugar, rum, hemp, &c.—there was much occasion for anxiety. The ship had a large and general cargo on board, consisting of about 5,000 bales of Surat cotton, and a quantity of hemp, wool, and seeds. About nine o'clock on Friday morning when the main hatch was unbattened, a thick volume of smoke ascended, and the smell clearly indicated that the cotton was on fire. The hatch was at once battened down, and the vessel hauled out into the Albert basin, so as to be clear of all other ships, in the event of the fire reaching the upper deck and rigging. While the vessel was being hauled out a host of riggers were set to work, all the sails unbent, the running rigging "unrigged," the boats, cabin furniture, and all moveable deck equipments, taken on shore. In the meantime the alarm was given to the fire police-station, and the dock and West of England fire-engines were shortly in attendance. On the vessel being brought alongside the quay, stages were immediately constructed, placed on board, and the process of discharging the cargo was at once commenced. On the hatches being again uncovered several hose-pipes were inserted, and the water poured in. The deck was also cut up in five or six places, into which hose-pipes were likewise introduced, and every possible effort made to subdue the fire. Now commenced a scene of the most exciting nature. As the bales of cotton were hoisted from the mouth of the hatchway, the smoke became more dense, and those at work below appeared to suffer a great deal. In the course of about an hour upwards of twenty men—dock porters and police-officers—were brought on deck in a state of insensibility, and restoratives had to be applied to each. As it was known that the third officer was below, and as he had been down for about two hours, it began to be rumoured that he was dead. This unfortunately proved but too true, for about half-past twelve his body was found. It was immediately taken on deck, and life was found to be extinct. Shortly after one o'clock the fire appeared to have been subdued, but still water continued to be plentifully plied into the hold, in order to render a further outbreak of the fire impossible. The damage done to the cargo cannot at present be ascertained.

THE LATE STORM.—The Rev. Robert Balmie, writing from Scarborough on the 5th inst., says: "As the missing fishing-boats have all returned save one, we are now better able to count up the dead; fourteen lives in all have perished; of these seven have left widows and sixteen children. It is feared that this list may yet be increased. In addition to the particulars we gave last week, we have to add the total loss of the *Yarborough* screw steamer, a fine ship nearly 600 tons burden, while on her passage from Grimsby to Cronstadt, and three of her crew, who were left in the rigging, and the truly marvellous escape of the City of Norwich steamship from sharing a similar fate, which, however, sustained the serious loss of upwards of 200 head of cattle. A notice was posted at Lloyd's, announcing the fatal loss of an English vessel in the Channel, near Furness, on Sunday. The crew are all supposed to have been drowned. Another fatal catastrophe is reported to have happened in the mouth of the Bristol Channel. The ship *Solides*, which arrived at Queenstown with a cargo of sugar from Demerara, left the former port for Bristol on Thursday. A Bristol pilot went down to meet her, and spoke her below the Lundy Islands about eight o'clock on Friday. Owing to the terrific sea that was running, it was impossible for him to board her, but he directed the captain the course to take, and that he (pilot) should follow, and board the ship when an opportunity presented itself. Owing to the severity of the storm, heavy rain, and snow, the pilot lost sight of the ship until daylight the

following morning, when he discovered that she had gone ashore on a shoal called Shearweather, off the Mumbles, and every soul belonging to her had perished. The wreck and cargo was strewn about the coast. Off Flamborough Head the brig *Sunbeam*, belonging to Shields, was run down by the American ship *Borodino*, and we regret to add that six of the crew of the former perished. The *Sunbeam* went down in deep water. The *Borodino* was bound north from the Thames. The Union, from Grimsby to Brest, reports from the Downs that she saw a schooner, apparently Welsh, and advised her to get the longboat ready for launching, and while the crew were in the act of shortening canvas, saw her go down with all on board. Farleigh bore N.W. four miles.

MURDER OF A GAMEKEEPER NEAR OTLEY.—William Smith, alias Davies, the head gamekeeper of Mr. Timothy Horsfall, of Hawksworth Hall, midway between Bradford and Otley, was shot on Tuesday last. The dying statement of Davies was, that he met a poacher, named James Waller, ranging in Hawksworth Spring Wood, with a double-barrelled gun. On seeing Davies, Waller immediately turned round and ran off. Davies pursued him in the direction of his dwelling, and gained upon him. When Waller got within 100 yards of his house, he suddenly turned round and levelled his gun at his pursuer, discharging the contents of the first barrel in his breast, and of the second in his abdomen. Davies died about half-past ten o'clock. He was found too weak to make a dying declaration in writing. Waller is a man about thirty-four years of age, and has been repeatedly convicted of poaching by the magistrates at Otley and Bingley. According to later accounts, Waller was still at liberty. He is known to have crossed the river near the place, but cannot at present be traced further. Great excitement prevails in the neighbourhood.

MURDER IN ANGLESEA.—On Friday last a murder was perpetrated at Llanfaethly, Anglesea, upon an old man, upwards of 70, who occupied a small farm called Gannedd, in the above parish. Rowlands, his son-in-law, is committed to prison for the crime.

THE STORM ON SUNDAY.—The severe storm which passed over the metropolis on Sunday Morning raged with equal violence on several points of the coast. The brig *Thomas* and *Elizabeth*, from Sunderland, was discovered to be wrecked on Gunfleet Sands, and the fate of the crew is uncertain. Nothing has been heard of them. On Sunday, about one o'clock, the storm burst with awful fury over the Lowestoft range of coast. Several ships that were riding in the roadstead parted from their anchors. A three-masted schooner, reported to belong to Bremen, went ashore near Palefield. The brig *Confidence*, belonging to Sunderland, also met with a similar doom, and was stranded a short distance to the northward of Lowestoft Harbour. The crews are reported to have been saved.

MURDER AT ALDERSHOT.—Last week a terrible affair occurred at Aldershot, a sergeant-major of the 3rd Battalion Military Train, named Leslie Kennedy, being shot by a man of the same battalion, named John Nicholas. There was an amateur performance, at which Kennedy was acting stage manager. The playbills announced "Whitebait at Greenwich," the part of *Benjamin Buzzard* by John Nicholas. Subsequently it was discovered that another man was more suitable for that part, and it was given to Sergeant Ward. Nicholas was at the theatre as one of the audience, and attempted to pick a quarrel with Corporal Donney. Sergeant-Major Kennedy ordered him to be removed from the theatre, which was accordingly done. It is supposed he returned to his quarters, and loaded his carbine, put his regimental coat over his shoulders, and awaited his victim, who returned to his hut about 12.30 a.m., in company with Sergeants Ward and Salter, and Corporal Pierce. Kennedy, having lit a candle, sat down, and began talking with his comrades about the evening's performance, when suddenly the door was opened, and Nicholas, advancing into the hut, said to Kennedy, "What accusation have you against me?" and immediately raised his carbine and shot him. The ball went into the unfortunate man's right breast, and, passing out at his back, glanced on the table, making a deep indentation of two inches in length, and cutting a copy of the "Musketry Instructions," which lay on the table, to pieces. The wounded man threw out his arms, and, in so doing, knocked the candle out; but his comrades immediately secured Nicholas, who was marched off to the police-station under a strong escort. Poor Kennedy called out, "I'm shot," and ran the whole length of the hut to a comrade, named Sergeant Fraser, who was in bed. He was removed to the military hospital, where he lies without the faintest hope of recovery. Nicholas, who has only been in the battalion twelve months, was in one of the regiments in India which was disbanded at the time of the mutiny. Up to Saturday Sergeant-Major Kennedy had not died from the effects of the wound, though still in a very dangerous state.

A CHILD POISONED BY MISTAKE.—On Wednesday, an inquest was held at Bristol on the body of a little boy named Frederick William Fisher, aged two years, who had been accidentally poisoned by his mother on the preceding day. It appeared that the child was unwell on the Tuesday, and his mother administered to him a powder. This powder was one of some more which the mother had in the house, and she, having used it before, gave it to the deceased in the belief that it would benefit him. Shortly afterwards, however, she found that an error had been occasioned through accident. On the same shelf where the powders were kept, there were also some powders of a poisonous description, which were used for killing vermin. By an accident which no one could account for, one of the powders like that taken had got mixed. It was proved that there was strychnine in the powder, which was labelled "Marsden's Powder for killing Rats." The medical man did all he could to get the strychnine out of the body, but his efforts had no effect, and the child died. The jury returned the following verdict: "That the said Frederick Fisher was accidentally poisoned by strychnine, administered to him by mistake instead of soothing medicine."

SERIOUS ACCIDENT ON THE LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.—An accident of a serious nature occurred on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, near Bury, on Friday. The 12.15 train from Rochdale to Liverpool is due at Bury at 12.35 p.m. It consisted of three carriages and the engine, a large third-class carriage being nearest the engine. On approaching the goods station at Bury, from some unexplained cause the third-class carriage got off the rails at one of the numerous points, and the two end carriages ran on one line of rails and the engine on another. After running about eighteen or twenty yards, the third-class carriage was dragged across the rails, and came down with a crash, wrenching off its wheels, tearing up the rails, and smashing the buffers and panels of the next

carriage. The passengers in the third-class carriage were much injured, and a person named Kenyon, of Halsbury Moss was so seriously injured as to necessitate his removal to the Albion Hotel on a stretcher.

DEATH FROM CHLOROFORM.—An inquest was held on Saturday at the Bank of England Tavern, Cambridge-place, Paddington, on the body of Edwin Hambley, aged eight years, a native of St. Mabyn, Cornwall, whose death occurred while under the influence of chloroform, on Wednesday week. Mr. Edward chloroformist to St. Mary's Hospital, deposed that the deceased was admitted to the institution on the 25th ultimo to undergo a plastic operation to remove a great deformity, occasioned by a burn in the chin, which had the effect of drawing it down to an unusual degree, and turning the under lip inside out. On last Wednesday, the day appointed for the operation, with administered the chloroform gently. It took ten minutes to get the boy under its influence, and then the operation was commenced by Mr. Lane, the senior surgeon. Just before conclusion deceased fainted, and, with a view to restore his witness promptly commenced artificial respiration, which kept up for half an hour. Failing in his efforts, he was put in a warm bath, and galvanism was applied for an hour and a half, but without success. Witness believed that the poor boy died instantly he fainted, from paralysis of the heart. This was the first and only fatal chloroform case he ever saw since the opening of St. Mary's Hospital, and it had been successfully administered to upwards of 4,000 persons. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased instantly died during performance of a surgical operation upon him from the effect of a failure of the action of his heart, occasioned by chloroform accidentally and by misfortune.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

This great civil demonstration came off on Saturday last with more than usual spirit and éclat. At one time there was considerable talk that the procession would be shorn of several of its leading attractions, and especially that those rather questionable representatives of the middle ages—the men in armour—would be dispensed with. A few days ago, however, we were assured that so far from there being any intention to curtail or diminish the "show," it would be rendered more than usually striking and effective, and that all the leading features of former processions would be strictly adhered to; as Saturday's proceedings showed, turned out to be the case.

The order of procession exhibited all the main features which have of late years been looked for in "Lord Mayor's Show." The panoramic views sold in the street, highly coloured though they were, did not exceed in magnificence the real pageant. Nay, they fell short of it in several important particulars. To be sure, the Beefeaters pictured forth in the work of art did not take any part in the actual procession; but this is the only instance we can point out in which the imagination of the artist outstripped reality. He gives us only men in armour. We counted eighteen. He allows but a state carriage for the two sheriffs, and only a pair of horses to that. Now, it is undeniable that Sheriff Cockrell and Sheriff Twentyman had each a very fine coach, drawn by four princely steeds; and that the Lady Mayoress (a sister, by-the-by, of the lady who so gracefully presided at the hospitalities of the father's mayoralty during the past year), rode in another fine coach, also drawn by four horses equally inclined to prance but restrained in that desire by grooms who held their bridle. The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, and other civic dignitaries after attending divine service in the parish church of St. Lawrence Jewry, proceeded in their carriages to the Guildhall. It is customary, we believe, for the Lord Mayor to receive the congratulations of the ex-Lord Mayor on entering that hall, but on the present occasion this could not very well be, unless Alderman Cubitt shook hands with himself. In other respects the civilities incidental to this period of the day's ceremonies were performed with more than ordinary signs of heartiness. His lordship, having reciprocated the compliments of his fellow citizens in office, took a cursory view of the preparations for the banquet, and seemed very well satisfied with what had been done by the City Architect, Mr. Bunning, and the decorators who acted under his directions. The Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Chamberlain, Comptroller, Recorder, the membrancer, High Bailiff, Town Clerk, and other officials, repaired to the chamber of the Entertainment Committee, partook of mutton broth and wines made fragrant with spice and warmed to a comforting temperature. Sustained by the wise preparatory measures, the civic dignitaries took care and started for Westminster at a pace considerably adapted to the age and infirmities of Cipriani's gingerbread chariot, preserved, with other happy recollections of childhood, by the style and title of the "Lord Mayor's Coach." While the mutton broth and spiced wine had passed their rounds in the committee-room, the refreshing pot of porter had been drained and replenished many times outside the Guildhall, and he passed from knight to squire, from squire to yeoman, and so on to warden, groom, coachman, footman, and officers of City Police. It was half-past twelve before the procession fairly got away; and this, for a state occasion, we take to be a very fair realisation of "half-past eleven punctually." The programme of the procession would occupy more space than we can bestow upon it, besides it has already appeared in every daily paper. It presented as we have already stated all the leading features of former "shows;" suffice it to say that the militia and volunteers marched as gallantly along, though "Boney" the first or the third of that ilk were waiting battle array at Westminster-bridge—that the drums and bands of the several corps played with astonishing vigour and energy—that there were more banners than a bygone could reckon on his fingers, with devices that not one of the bystanders could understand—that the City Marshal and Lord Mayor's Beadle, and other high dignitaries, sustained the honours of their proud position as became their rank—that the ancient Knights with their attendant esquires sat so uneasily and uncomfortably in their saddles—that the aldermen looked as usual, fat and gracious—that the sheriffs and aldermen and looked so good humoured that *et. sa.* and *et. sa.* and even the other little contingency of life and death often suggested by the mention of them, were forgotten—whilst last, but greatest of all, drawn by four horses, in his state chariot, attended by his Chaplain, Scout Bearer, and Common Crier, beaming with more than a Calvinistic benignity, in blissful forgetfulness of the loss of Andover, triumph of Wood, the hard words of Common Hall; in short

of everything but the honour of representing two Lord Mayors called into one—a reflection speeded, perhaps, by the possibility of a baronetcy next summer—bowing in response to squeak, ruffian, and cheer, came the Right Hon. William Cubitt, a second time Lord Mayor of London. We must not, however, omit to mention the interest excited by the appearance of the 2nd City of London Volunteers (Working-Men's Corps) as the volunteer escort provided for the occasion. The gay appearance of the scarlet uniform of this corps—the numbers which had responded to the call of their commanding officer—the steadiness and regularity of their step equalling, to non-professional eyes at least, the marching of regular troops—spoke well for the zeal and assiduity with which they had endeavoured to qualify themselves for military duty, whether required in war or in the peaceful pageant graced by their presence on Saturday. They were commanded on the occasion by Major Richards.

The mounted escort was furnished by the 5th Regiment of Lancers. The handsome equipages of the sheriffs, Messrs. Cockerell and Twentymen, were greatly admired. The show was pronounced, as a whole, to be one of the most splendid that had ever traversed the City.

The Lord Mayor's show reached Temple Bar at about a quarter-past one o'clock. Along the route the noises which greeted his lordship's ears were exceedingly varied. He was cheered at some points, and hissed at others; he was cheered and hissed together in this locality, and received with silent indifference in that; he was groaned at as well as hissed when his coach came in view of Trafalgar-square; and yells broke forth as he proceeded down Whitehall. On the whole, we are sorry to say that the sounds of disapprobation were in excess; but we must add that, wherever hooting and yelling were indulged in, the lowest type of the London mob presented itself conspicuously.

Complaints are with justice now and then made against individuals in the police force. Let it be recorded that on Saturday they acquitted themselves admirably in the service of order and good citizenship.

About two o'clock the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, attended by the city officers, entered the Court of Exchequer. He was accompanied by the Recorder, the Sheriffs and Under Sheriffs, and Aldermen Rose, Mechi, and Lawrence. The Lord Mayor's Chaplain, and Mr. Scott, City Chamberlain, were among the civic functionaries in attendance.

The Lord Mayor was received by the Chief Baron, and Barons Bramwell, Channell, and Wylie.

The Recorder in an appropriate speech then presented the Lord Mayor.

The Lord Chief Baron congratulated the Lord Mayor on the high honour which has been bestowed upon him in being elected to such a high office a second time. He complimented him on the manner in which he had filled the Mayoralty for the past year, and expressed his full confidence that he (the Lord Mayor) would deserve the same commendation at the close of the year upon which he was about to enter.

One of the ushers of the court having made the usual proclamation, the oaths were administered, and the warrants recorded.

The Recorder said he was desired by the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs to request the attendance of their lordships at the banquet to be given at Guildhall that evening.

The Lord Chief Baron said that some members of the court would have the honour of attending the banquet.

The proceedings being over, the court, which had been densely crowded, was immediately cleared.

The procession, somewhat modified by new arrangements, returned by the same route to the City. Contrary to old custom, her Majesty's Ministers and the justices abstained from taking part in the return procession. Their carriages were to be seen, at a later period of the evening, rolling swiftly to the banquet. The mob that had attended the Lord Mayor to Westminster gained strength on its way back to the City, and at one point of the journey overpowered a body of the A. division of police, opposed to them with the purpose of turning their mass right and left from the main thoroughfare. The success of the army of roughs encouraged them to hold their course to the very gates of the Guildhall, where they met a force more than sufficient to repulse them.

THE BANQUET.

The banquet at the Guildhall in the evening, given by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, to the Duke of Cambridge, Her Majesty's Ministers, the diplomatic corps, Her Majesty's judges, the aldermen, Common Council, and all the civic dignitaries of London, took place under circumstances of great pomp and ceremony, this being the first occasion for the last thirty-four years during which a Lord Mayor has filled the chair for two years successively. The fact of a Prince of the blood honouring the banquet also gave it additional éclat, and on the arrival of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge the Volunteer corps stationed at the entrance to receive him presented arms, the band struck up "God save the Queen," and the people both within and without the building manifested their feelings by loud cheering, which His Royal Highness most courteously acknowledged. Lord Palmerston and Viscountess Palmerston were also received with cheers, as were also several others of the Ministers who were present.

The decorations of the Great Hall presented a marked distinction to those of last year, when the principal ornaments were formed by the tasteful disposition of arms so as to give the whole of the interior a most warlike appearance. Mr. Eunning, the City architect, this year, following his ordinary practice of endeavouring to assimilate the style of decoration to the prevailing spirit of the times, has taken as his basis the two great features of the Exhibition of 1862, and the Volunteer movement, especially in connection with the City and the gift of colours by the corporation. The roof of the majestic hall presented a finished appearance from the large number of banners which depended from it, while a series of allegorical figures, representing Peace, placed at intervals round the hall, gave a distinctive character to the whole.

Covers were laid for 1,150 guests. To accommodate this large number, there was first the head table, presided over by the Lord Mayor; below that, and "above the salt" or barrier, were four long upper tables, arranged in parallel lines, and five short tables below them. In the lower part, there were eleven tables extending the whole length of the spacious hall; while, to accommodate those who could not find a seat even here, three more tables were laid in the Court of Queen's Bench. Messrs. Staples, of the Albion, provided both the banquet and the wines. The tables were loaded with every delicacy which

those caterers could provide, a novel and agreeable addition being a number of Riminel's perfume evaporisers, whose odorous exhalations neutralised and overpowered that more than spongy of the cuisine which on all previous occasions has invaded the Great Hall, from the scene of culinary labours in the crypt.

The arrival of so large a number of guests necessarily required a considerable time; it was not, therefore, until seven o'clock that the shrill blasts of the trumpets of the heralds announced the advent of the procession of the principal officers of the corporation, headed by the entertainment committee, who marched round the hall to the head table.

Then the ever-agreeable strains of "The Roast Beef of Old England" invited all to partake of the dainties which had been so munificently provided.

Mr. Harker, as usual, was toast-master, and performed the arduous duties of that office with his usual stentorian ability. The musical arrangements, which gave complete satisfaction, were under the direction of Mr. R. Glenn Wesley, assisted by Madame Louisa Vinning, Miss Martin, Mr. A. Lester, Mr. B. French, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, with the Glee and Madrigal Union.

The company having partaken of an elegant and bountiful repast, grace from the "Lauds Spirituali" was sung by the vocalists.

After the loving cup had passed round, The Lord Mayor proposed the health of Her Majesty, which was received with great applause.

"The Health of the Prince Consort" was next given, after which followed the toasts of "Our National Defenders" (including our navy and volunteer force) responded to by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Somerset, and Lord Colville; and "Prosperity to the City of London."

In answer to the toast of the "Diplomatic Body" proposed by the Lord Mayor, Mr. Adams the American Minister spoke at some length, generally in defence of modern diplomatists from the charge of being as a rule prone to duplicity and falsehood. He proceeded to say, "I am glad to be able to be present on this occasion, and to say publicly that my mission here is to continue and to perpetuate those friendly relations which have so long existed between the two countries. (Cheers.) It is very possible that there may be differences of opinion between the people of the two countries upon minor subjects. You may not like the system of democracy which exists amongst us. We may not like your system of aristocracy and governing by ranks. You may think we are sometimes too free in our manners. We, on the contrary, may think the various forms of society in this country too formal and stringent. But, my lord, these differences of opinion can never, while the wide Atlantic flows between us, lead to mischief, and I trust sincerely that there may never be more serious differences than those I have indicated."

The proposal of the health of Her Majesty's Ministers, in connection with the name of Lord Palmerston, called forth great applause. The premier replied in his happiest style. In the course of his speech he said: "It is far more easy, and far more agreeable, now than it might have been in former periods of our history for men of different political sentiments to meet, as we are meeting to-night, in the associations of social harmony, to enjoy the festivity which the magnificence of this great city affords. You have, my Lord Mayor, alluded to the decorations which adorn these walls. I may say that these walls may be assumed as an emblem of the state of feeling of the country. (Cheers.) You have pointed out that this interior abounds with emblems of peace, indicative of the anxious desire of the country to preserve to itself the blessings of peace. (Hear.) But, as we entered these walls, we saw at the portals armed men—volunteers. (Hear.) Ay, volunteers, who are the emblems of the resolution of the country to bar the entrance of the land to any who might wish, with rude and profane steps, to disturb the peace and tranquillity which reigns. (Cheers.) Now, that band of volunteers was not the less emblematical of the feeling of the country, because it consisted of men of mature age, and of boys hardly yet able to wield the musket which they had upon their shoulders. A proof, therefore, that young and old combine in this country in a firm determination to guard the entrance of the land, and to preserve that peace which we all so anxiously desire to maintain."

The following toasts followed in succession:—"The House of Lords" responded to by the Marquis of Salisbury; "The Judges," by Lord Chief Justice Erle; "The House of Commons," by Sir George Grey; "The Sheriffs of London and Middlesex," by Mr. Sheriff Cockerell; "The Bar of England," by the Queen's Advocate; and "The Lady Mayoress (Miss Humphrey, the youngest daughter of the Lord Mayor)," by the Lord Mayor. These, with a few other complimentary toasts, brought the evening's proceedings to a satisfactory close.

THE RIGHT HON. W. CUBITT, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

(SEE ENGRAVING ON FRONT PAGE.)

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, whose portrait we give to-day, was born at Buxton, near Colchester, in Norfolk, and in early life served about four years in the Royal Navy. In 1810, being then 19 years of age, he turned his attention to commercial matters, and entered the building trade, which he carried on until within the last four years, and in which he realised a handsome fortune, in connection with his brothers. The house of Cubitt is now one of the most eminent firms in the country. After 40 years of successful application to business, Mr. Cubitt retired, and has since devoted his attention to the service of the public in other ways. In 1847, while still in business, he was elected by his fellow-citizens to the shrievalty of London and Middlesex, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Hill; and at about the same period the electors of Andover returned him as their representative in the Commons House of Parliament, an honour which he resigned a short time ago to contest the City of London, which he lost. These offices, with his Commissionership of Lieutenancy, and the constant duties which he has to fulfil as a magistrate for Middlesex and Surrey, have eminently qualified him to occupy the civic chair. The Lord Mayor's election to the mayoralty for the ensuing year was warmly hailed by a numerous circle of friends. The right hon. gentleman has been a widower seven years. His only son died, in 1841, at Cambridge, when about to take his degree, and his eldest daughter died seven years ago; his eldest surviving daughter is the wife of Sir Joseph Olliffe, an eminent physician at Paris, and Physician to

the Embassy. The next in age is the wife of the eldest son of Mr. Alderman Humphrey; and a younger one is the wife of Alderman Humphrey's second son, a barrister in the Temple, and Captain of the Andover Rifles. The last named Mrs. Humphrey is the present Lady Mayoress.

LAW AND POLICE—continued from page 83.

A ROMANCE OF LOVE.—The case of Lord de Poulès came before the Rolls Court last week. It reveals an extraordinary series of events, and has engaged the prominent notice of nearly the entire daily press. The history of the case is this:—In the year 1821 a Miss Payne was residing in France with her mother. She there made the acquaintance of a young French officer, who professed an attachment, and obtained from her a promise of marriage. She returned to England, expecting him to follow for the purpose of marrying her. But relations interfered, the letters between the parties were suppressed, and Miss Payne was persuaded to give up her engagements, and marry a Mr. Vernon Dolphin. This union took place in 1822, when Miss Payne was only 16 years of age. In 1839 Mr. and Mrs. Dolphin separated, and lived apart until 1853, when Mrs. Dolphin, then staying in Paris, discovered that her former admirer had become a general, and was commanding a district in the south of France. She wrote to him, taking it for granted that he was married, and hoping he was well and happy, at the same time mentioning that she had been undeceived as to the misrepresentations which induced her to give him up. General de Poulès was not married, and many letters passed between them, in one of which Mrs. Dolphin suggested the possibility of her procuring a divorce. In November, 1853, Mrs. Dolphin consulted a London attorney as to the possibility of getting a Scotch divorce. He said that both parties must have lived in Scotland forty days, and that adultery must have been committed in Scotland. She then returned to France, and had her first interview with General de Poulès at Rochefort, near La Rochelle. She then told him about the misrepresentations which had induced her to marry Dolphin, asked him to protect and help her, said she had never ceased to love him, and finally asked if, in the event of a divorce being obtained, he would marry her. He, however, did not promise. Negotiations were set on foot with Mr. Dolphin, and it was arranged that Mrs. Dolphin would pay his expenses and those of his mistress, with whom he was then living to Edinburgh; and would give him for helping her to get the divorce £1,000, and £300 a-year for life, to be increased to £600 a-year when certain property should be sold. They went to Edinburgh. The adultery was proved as arranged, and after Mrs. Dolphin had sworn there was no collusion whatever in the case the divorce was granted. Mrs. Dolphin afterwards married General de Poulès both in Scotland and France, and just before her marriage executed certain deeds by which she gave all her property to the general, reserving only to herself an annuity of £500 and the use of her jewels during her life. The marriage took place in 1854, and they afterwards lived unhappily, and soon separated, Mrs. Dolphin dying in 1856. It is now sought to set aside these deeds as made from an illegal consideration, their cohabiting under authority of a marriage which was altogether invalid, as the Scotch divorce was worthless, and Mrs. Dolphin remained the legal wife of Vernon Dolphin until her death. The judgment of the Court was reserved.

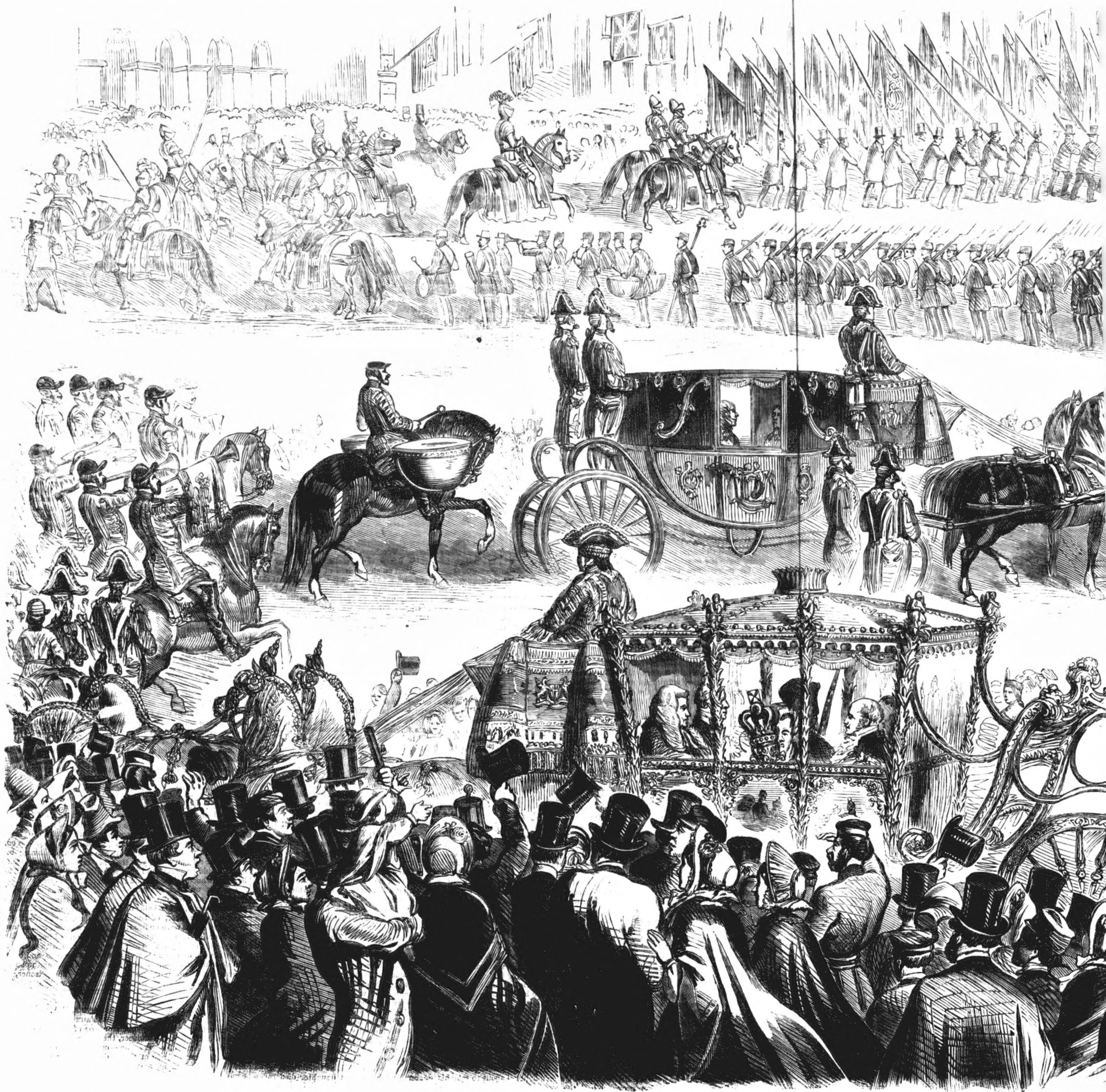
A STRANGE ACTION.—The *Sherborne Journal* gives the following:—"Our readers will remember some two years ago, an action for breach of promise of marriage, at Bristol, which was compromised—the defendant consenting to a verdict against him for £2,000, and the plaintiff agreeing to deliver up his 'love letters.' The parties to this suit were Miss Ellen Miles, daughter of a fishmonger in this town, and Mr. Magan, an Irish gentleman. The £2,000 was paid and invested with all legal security and form for Miss Ellen's benefit, and the defendant was William Henry Magan, Esq., formerly member for Westmeath, and son of the late Wm. Henry Magan, Esq., of Clonearl, King's County, a cornet in the 9th Lancers, and afterwards a captain in the 4th Light Dragoons. Miss E. Miles was an assistant at Swan and Edgar's, when she formed the acquaintance of Mr. Magan; it would seem that in the correspondence which was carried on between the parties, marriage was promised. The case became a 'nine days' wonder,' and then was forgotten. A couple of years after, it may be, the actors again appear upon the scene, and on the 24th of August, William Henry Magan, Esq., of Clonearl, Ireland, is united in the holy bonds of matrimony, at Yeovil Church, to Miss Ellen Miles, of Sherborne. Now comes 'the last sad scene of all'—the death of Mr. Magan at Weymouth—a month after his romantic marriage! We are sorry to add that there is but too much reason to fear that he fell a victim to an excessive craving for ardent spirits. After staying some little time at Sherborne, he and his wife went off to Weymouth, and took up their abode at the Victoria Hotel, from whence he removed into private lodgings, and died the day after he entered them, at the early age of 43. His body was taken to Dublin. We understand that although 'the captain,' as he was still called, died embarrassed, and, indeed, was about to compound with his creditors, his carriage and horses having been sold under an execution, yet that his mother is possessed of considerable property, and that the wife of a month will find her widowhood solaced by an income of £200 a-year!"

CHARGE OF INCENDIARISM.—Wm. Dorrell was charged on Saturday, at Clerkenwell, with wilfully setting fire to two stacks of straw, of the value of £300, the property of Mr. Henry Rigdon, brickmaker, of the Green Lanes, Stoke Newington. When the stacks were on fire the prisoner was met coming away from them by two policemen, who questioned him, and found his answers suspicious. They then taxed him with setting fire to the stacks, and he admitted that he had done so, and begged them not to hurt him. Some matches were found upon him after he had denied having any matches. The prisoner, who was in great distress, was remanded for a few days.

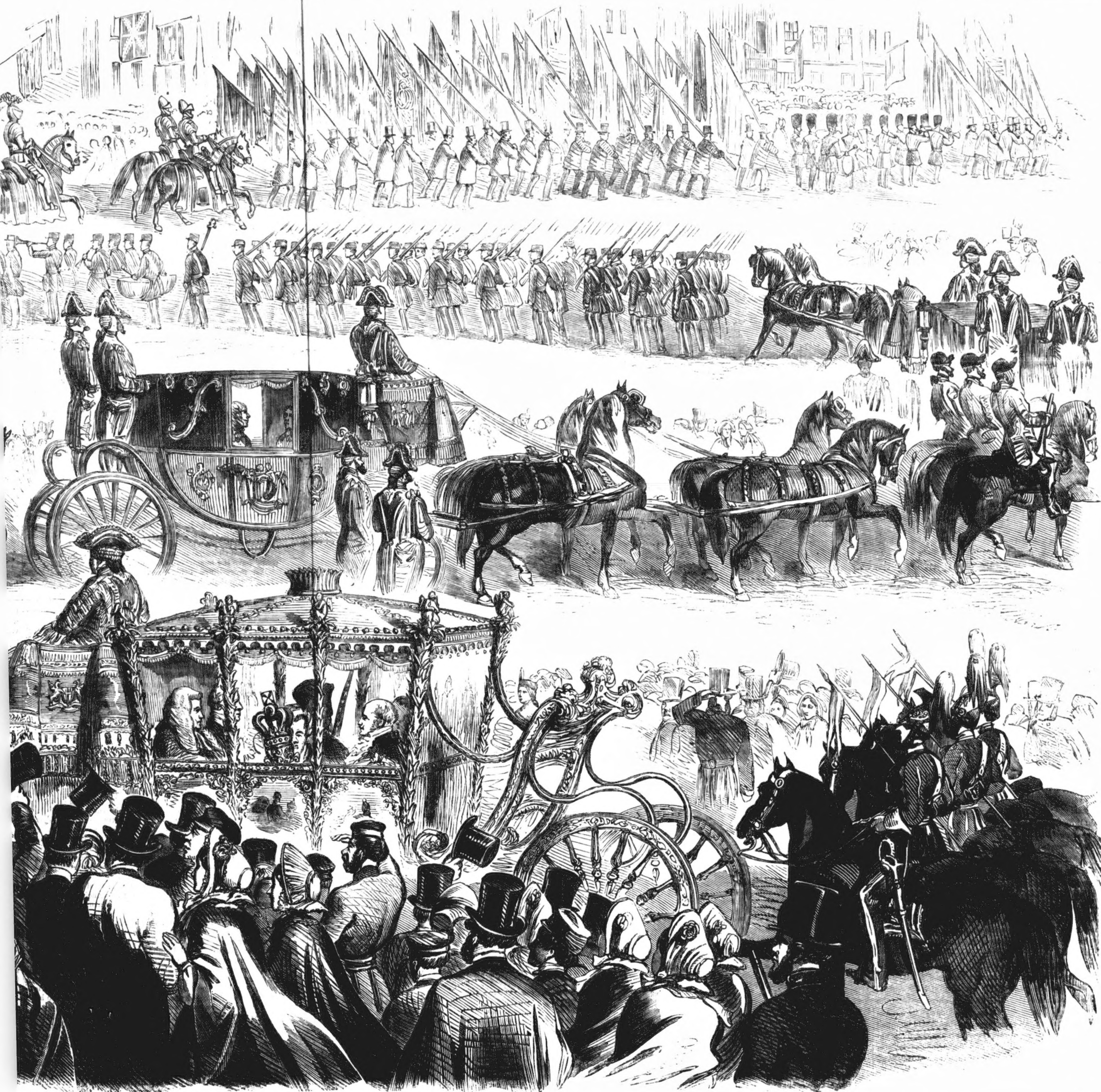
HORSES.

AFTER SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.
(SEE ENGRAVING ON PAGE 93.)

We give to-day an engraving from one of the most celebrated pictures of Sir Edwin Landseer, the prince of animal painters. This is but one of a very numerous series of similar works, extending over a period of thirty years, during which time, in his particular line, as an animal painter, he had not had his equal. Sir Edwin, whose paintings decorate so many of the galleries of our aristocracy, is now fifty-eight years of age, having been born in 1803. He was knighted in 1860



THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION, 9TH NOVEMBER, 1861.



THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION, 9TH NOVEMBER, 1861.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GORILLA.—We really cannot furnish the information sought. On looking through the *Era* our correspondent will find the address of several ventriloquists, who may supply him with what he needs. We know of no book on the subject.

G. SMITH is respectfully referred to Walker or Webster's dictionaries for the definitions he seeks.

N. WATERHALL.—The acceptance of the sketches would depend upon the subjects and the execution of the drawings. The subject named in the note would scarcely suit.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish to have noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed "to the Editor of the 'Illustrated Weekly News,' 15, Catherine-street, Strand, London."

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1861.

AFTER all, the prospects of our French neighbour are like that of many go-a-head individuals—more showy than substantial. A single bad harvest, and the interruption or diminution of her trade with America, has shown France how little she is prepared for contingencies. She has been laying out all her ready cash on the army and navy, not because she has any real necessity for such enormous preparations for defence or attack; but because she is determined to assume an imposing attitude, and, if possible, be regarded as the first Power in the world. But it is a hollow and dangerous system, and must break down sooner or later. It is said that France will have to purchase foreign wheat to the extent of £12,000,000 sterling. Even the French will at last discover that a truly great nation must depend upon something more than ships and guns, and sailors and soldiers. When Marshal Blucher, on his first view of mighty London, exclaimed, "Vot a town for to sack!" it was not with reference to its means of defence, but its enormous wealth; and certainly our chief strength is due to our unrivalled commerce and the arts of peace, though we have never wanted soldiers and sailors more than equal to any other combatants in the world.

Let the Third Napoleon once find it necessary to increase to a large amount the public taxes in an hour of great general distress, and the people will begin to complain with bitterness that so extravagant a portion of the public finances has been devoted to unnecessary armaments, fortifications, and iron vessels. These Frenchmen, as *Iago* says of the Moors, "are changeable in their wills." We cannot forget with what promptitude the Parisians cast off even their great idol Napoleon the First, on his reverse at Waterloo. They very coolly and readily resolved to depose him. The French are zealous hero-worshippers; but the hero must be triumphant, or they must believe that he will be so. In no country in the world is the position of a public favourite so slippery and uncertain as it is in France.

PUBLIC opinion seems to be coming round again in favour of the Revised Educational Code, though it is still pretty generally acknowledged that it is dealing harshly with the teachers of public schools to disappoint them so suddenly of certain advantages which they had begun to look upon as vested rights. We think no one would have thought the State too generous if present incumbents had been secured all the pecuniary advantages of their position, in spite of the change of system; for it is not a mere or immediate money-saving which forms the main object of the reformation; but a desire to substitute an elementary and a utilitarian education for the masses for a more elaborate and ambitious system, which, whether desirable or not, is found to be impracticable. It is thought better that State education should be confined to what Sir William Curtis is said to have called the three R's—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic; for these may be taught effectively at a comparatively small expense of time and labour, and they are the keys to all knowledge, especially in times like these, when excellent books and periodicals are within the reach of the poorest classes, and men obtain more useful information from the common newspapers in pot-houses and cottages, than our ancestors found in rare and costly manuscripts in convents and colleges.

It continually happens in private life that what we regard at first as a great calamity is in the end acknowledged to be a great blessing; Providence perpetually educing good from evil. So, also, is it with the destinies of nations. Whole communities are sometimes in a state of despair in the meditation of an event that turns out in the end to be the best thing that could possibly have happened. At present, in the manufacturing districts of England, the American blockade and the temporary stoppage of the cotton trade, are exciting amongst the populace the most gloomy anticipations of an early future of distress and destitution. But, on the other hand, we have intelligence from India to the effect that nothing can be more cheering than the condition of the cotton districts there, particularly in Madras and Bombay, and there can be no question that it will be much better for this country if we should learn to trust for our supplies of cotton to our own colonies and dependencies in preference to relying almost exclusively on the Americans. And though Indian cotton may not now be equal in quality to American slave-grown cotton, it could very soon be made to surpass it. Manchester is already more than half disposed to invest

some millions in Indian cotton. It is an indication of England's disinterested love of freedom and her hatred of slavery in all its forms, that even in her hour of anxiety and trouble, occasioned by the sudden stoppage of the cotton trade, she is still determined to be faithful to her own neutral policy, to respect the blockade of the South, and, in spite of many provocations from the North and many compliments from the opposite side, to remember that the present civil struggle in America must eventually take the shape of a struggle for and against the great question of the emancipation of slavery. On this account, though our commercial interests are on the side of the South, our moral sympathies are exclusively Northern. It is true that we are a nation of shopkeepers, but we are also a nation of freemen and philanthropists, and if we love money there are some things which we love still better.

We are told by the *Calcutta Englishman* that there are 50,000 bales of cotton waiting for purchasers in the cotton go-downs or depots on the banks of the Ganges.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

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MR. EDITOR,—As I am a person who has a considerable portion of time on my hands with a small independence, and fond of looking about me for matters of instruction and amusement, perhaps a few notes from me weekly may not be unacceptable. I am, moreover, a bachelor and carry a latch-key, and being under no female engagements for some time likely to interfere with my personal liberty in the evenings, I can pay considerable attention to what is going on around me, and only need a vehicle to place my notes properly before the public. I fancy your paper is just the sort of channel I need, cheap, but good and popular, so here goes for my first venture. I do not mean to trouble myself with what is called the aesthetics of public entertainments, but intend rather to notice their popular and common-sense features. The more elaborate and critical portion of such work I shall leave to our more experienced and learned pen. Well, then, as in all possibility you do not attend much to what is now termed the "Sensation" Drama, I shall give you my impression of the latest thing in that line just out. Having an evening on Saturday to spare, I decided to spend it at the Lyceum, as a new piece was to be produced. Accordingly, I hurried there to get, as I expected, a good seat, but I found the house crammed to the ceiling, and had to put up with very indifferent accommodation. The "Peep o' Day" is the name of the piece. I was informed that the manager, Mr. Edmund Falconer, is its author, and that its incidents are based on "John Doe," one of Banim's Tales, and represented a state of things in Ireland during the dark days of rebellion and conspiracy, now happily ended in that country. The plot is simple, yet interesting. The hero is *Harry Kavanagh*, a young Irish farmer (Mr. Vezin), and the tenant of *Stephen Purcell* (Mr. G. Spencer), the villain of the piece. The latter has sinister designs upon *Kathleen Kavanagh* (Mrs. D. P. Bowers), *Harry's* sister, and he resolves to accomplish his ruin, lest he should interfere with his base proceedings. With that object he perfidiously entrusts him with the custody of some treasonable documents, which, being found on *Harry's* person by a body of soldiers whom *Purcell* has sent upon his track, he is seized and eventually transported. *Kathleen* is unaware of the part which *Purcell* has played and is lured into a clandestine marriage with the villain in her brother's absence, while at the same time he has cast his eye upon *Mary Grace* (Miss Weston), *Harry's* betrothed sweetheart. The action of the piece between the first and second acts, moves forward seven years, the one ending with the transportation of *Harry Kavanagh*, the other with his return and his becoming the chief of a band of outlaws, or "Peep o' Day boys." On the plea that the marriage of *Purcell* and *Kathleen* is illegal, because solemnised by a Roman Catholic priest, and in order to obtain the hand of *Mary Price*, the former tries to repudiate his wife, and even to seek her murder. Eventually, the villainy of *Purcell* is made manifest, and the innocence of *Kathleen* is established, when a satisfactory denouement takes place, and all the deserving characters of the drama are made happy. Subordinate to the action, and interwoven with its progress, we have a comic Irishman, *Kavanagh's* foster-brother, *Barney O'Toole*, capably played by Mr. Falconer; a jolly priest of the muscular genus, personated by Mr. Addison; and a good stage ruffian, *Black Mullins*, cleverly done by Mr. Charles Selby. The dialogue was good, but too spun out, and must be curtailed to be effective; as for the scenery it was first-rate. The "Lovers' Dingle" in the first act, and the "Old Quarry" in the third act, are about the best things of their kind I have ever witnessed, and reflect the highest credit on the artists, Messrs. Grieve and Telbin. Then, in the second act there is a capital Fair scene, which winds up with a perfect Irish shindy or faction fight, most admirably managed. The acting, as far as I could judge of it from an extreme back seat in an excessively crowded house, was respectable, and I have every confidence that with a proper application of the pruning-knife to the dialogue, the "Peep o' Day" may be made to rival the success of the "Colleen Bawn." I shall see if this be done, as I intend to pay another visit in a few nights, and will report progress. The piece can be well enough condensed into two and a half hours' acting, with decided advantage to both actors and manager; and to ensure a run, it must be done at once. Five hours, notwithstanding the fine scenery and situations, is too much of a good thing; and it was with difficulty that I could sit it out.

On Monday I had made up my mind to see the "Octoroon," at the Adelphi. I like first nights; but this time I was disappointed, as the piece is postponed for a fortnight. Something, I learned, had gone wrong with the machinery preparing to work the scenes, and delay was imperative. Reports says we are to have astounding effects in the new drama, and that the "Colleen Bawn" is to be eclipsed. I doubt this; nor do I think that the subject chosen will prove as interesting as the theme supplied by the "Collegians" of Gerald Griffin.

Writing of the *Colleen Bawn*, I had almost forgot to mention that being in the east-end a few nights ago, I took a look into the Royal Standard. The night in question was devoted to the benefit of the talented manageress, Miss Marriot, and there, sure enough, was the "Fair Girl" translated for the night from the Strand, to fascinate the "wise men

of the east." The "Colleen Bawn," under the able direction of Mr. Smith, from the Adelphi, was the feature of the evening, and she seemed to be as much appreciated in her new quarters as at her original home, if the loud applause of a crowded house counts for anything.

I have done nothing in the legitimate line this week, though I had at one time resolved to call in at Old Drury to see Miss Avonia Jones, from the land of gold, of whom rumour speaks highly. Instead of this, I took a run through a few of the leading music saloons, of which there are several good ones in town at which excellent music is nightly discoursed. I can assure you that for an agreeable night's entertainment, one cannot do better than drop into either the Alhambra, the Oxford, the Canterbury, or Weston's. At these places though the comic business is occasionally broad, there is nothing to offend the most fastidious, and some of the concerted pieces are nearly equal to the best produced at our opera houses. At the Alhambra, Leotard, the prince of acrobats, still continues the leading attraction, and Sam Cowell and Stead constitute the order of the day at the other houses. I had intended to extend my notes to other evening places of entertainment, but for the present what I have done must suffice.

Dropping into the Garrick's Head on my return from the Opera one night this week to have a chop, I met Ben Biggles, who is a walking dramatic Encyclopedia, and knows all the movements of actors and managers. He tells me that Westland Marston's new play is shortly to be produced at Sadler's Wells; that Booth is coming out in *Othello* against that arch innovator Fechter; that the next effort of the Frenchman is to be *Macbeth*; and that a new farce by Mr. Burdand is shortly to be produced at the Lyceum with Miss Lydia Thompson as the leading character. He told me also that the little *Royalty* in Soho had got 'out of its recent dilemma and was being opened, and that that outrageous punster, H. J. Byron, had another burlesque accepted at the Strand.

I intended to have favoured you with my impressions of the "Lord Mayor's Show" this week, but on taking my place at the bottom of Catherine-street to see the cavalcade pass, I was struck all of a heap by recognizing under the vizor of the black knight the unmistakable outlines of the well-known face of one that I am sure I had known as both mute and waiter, and from whose hands I had received many a devilled kidney. After that, I could do nothing but enjoy the joke of the thing, and leave the serious description of the affair to your reporter's pen, who would not be likely to put his foot in it, as I certainly should have done. The worst that can be said of the "show" is, that it is a gorgeous piece of tom-foolery, and as such, as it pleases children of all growths, and affords harmless amusement once a year, its continuance is not to be deprecated. It might, however, be modernized; and the men in armour could be very well dispensed with, as they are neither ornamental nor useful.

Other matters crowd upon my pen, but as I must not obtrude too much upon your space, I must reserve them for another communication from yours respectfully,

A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

Literature.

"Of the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful, and worthy, are the things we call Books." —T. CARLYLE.

Fechter's Version of Othello critically analysed. By HENRY OTTLEY. London: T. H. Lacy.

THIS clever little pamphlet is well worth perusal and study, though it is little more than a reprint of some critical papers that appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*. Almost all M. Fechter's interpretations of Shakespeare's text are here shown to be mistaken, and the French actor is reprehended for his audacity in meddling so freely with the greatest works of our greatest dramatic poet, and pretending to teach the English to understand him rightly. M. Fechter was at first received with a generous enthusiasm that blinded the public judgment, but a reaction has commenced, and it is quite possible that he will soon be as extravagantly under-rated, as in the commencement of his career on the English stage he was extravagantly over-praised.

The Wreck of the Homeward Bound; or the Boat of Mercy. By NICHOLAS MITCHELL, Author of *The Lays of Many Lands*. London: William Tegg.

THIS little poem is intended to commemorate the rescue by a lifeboat of the passengers and crew of a sinking ship. The story is well told, the language is simple and clear, and the versification easy and harmonious. As the book, embellished with an elegant engraving of a ship in a storm, is sold for the low price of one shilling, and for a charitable and humane object, we hope it will meet an extensive sale. The profits are to be devoted to the use of the National Lifeboat Institution.

The Christian Church and Society in 1861. L'Eglise et la Société Chrétienne en 1861. PAR M. GUIZOT. Paris: Levy. London: Dulau and Co.

M. GUIZOT will not win golden opinions from all sorts of people by the publication of this extraordinary book. As far as his reputation with English Protestant readers is concerned, the act of publishing such a thing as this is perfectly suicidal. No old Tory, no Roman Catholic bigot, could have written more absurdly in favour of tyranny and intolerance. He regrets that the King of Naples and the Grand Dukes should have been deprived of the opportunity to secure true liberty to the Italians, he sneers at the gallant Garibaldi, and is horrified to observe that men begin to think and speak and write freely on religious questions! He pays Christianity the bad compliment to suppose that freedom of discussion must end in its universal rejection, and calls upon all true Protestants to save the Pope's temporal authority, as there can be no chance of civil or religious liberty if Papal political influence be abated or destroyed. He seems to think his Protestant readers know nothing of history, and has, accordingly, the insolence to tell them that if they will only sacrifice their sectarian feelings, and support the Papal authority, they may be quite sure that, as one good turn deserves another, his Holiness will most anxiously protect the liberties of Protestantism. He really goes so far as to say that it is the religious duty of a Protestant to look after the interests of the great Papal authority, as identical with the interest of all lovers of freedom and progress of all denominations. Is M.

Quint serious or sarcastic? or, is that once-fine intellect of his deranged?

Great wits to madness, surely are allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

Anne Boleyn: a tragedy. London: W. Kent and Co., 1861. The author of this tragedy is afflicted with a fatal facility of blank verse. He has no power of condensation; no rich economy of expression. Any friendly critic could at once double the strength of this drama by a judicious excision of just one half of its present substance. We could not expect the author himself to treat his own production with such wholesome severity, for, as Cowley said, such retrenchments on the part of an author are like the cutting away of his own flesh; but it would have been well for the author before us, if he had had some true friend to do for the poet what the poet could not do for himself. Some few authors, however, like some strong minded parents, have been capable of performing painful operations on their own offspring. Goethe tells us that Schiller was particularly heroic in striking out his own superfluities. "I once saw him," says Goethe, "reduce a pompous poem of his, of two and twenty strophes to seven; and no loss resulted from this terrible operation. On the contrary those seven strophes contained all the good and effective thoughts of the two and twenty. Virgil would pour out his verses in the morning, and pass the rest of the day "in retrenching exuberances and correcting inaccuracies." Milton after dictating forty lines would reduce them to twenty. We wish our author had followed such good examples.

This drama, or rather this historical poem in a dramatic form, though far too lengthy and verbose has, nevertheless, some really good passages in it, and indeed, it indicates throughout an elegant and cultivated mind. Though unfit for representation as it now stands and full of long irrelevant speeches that no audience would listen to with patience, it is yet theatrically divided into five acts, which set forth in succession Anne Boleyn's courtship, marriage, reign, and accusation, ending in her trial and execution. There are some judicious remarks in the prose introduction and much information in the notes at the end of the volume.

The author's main intention is to nullify the effect of Mr. Fronde's strange attempt to make Henry VIII. almost a model man and king, and to lower the character of poor Anne Boleyn; but from what we have seen of the present writer's composition, we should say that he would have vindicated Anne Boleyn or destroyed Mr. Fronde's fanatical portraiture of the Royal Bluebeard far more effectively in prose than he has done in verse; for in his verse there is a good deal of spoilt prose, and a good deal of clever versification that remind us of the words of Ovid—"Materiem superabat opus"—the workmanship surpasses the material.

In scene the fourth, act the first, the Venetian Ambassador, Lorenzo Orto, is thus made to speak of the English people:—

The English love themselves, and English things
As if God's goods were Englishmen's alone.
You spy a handsome foreigner, and say
In praise, "He looks as if an Englishman;"
Or, "Pity 'tis he's not an Englishman."

The poet Wyatt, who is one of the *dramatis personæ*, replies:—

Pardon me, signor, you are partly right;
But I discriminate, whilst I confess,
For I have travelled through your native land,
I have explored Venetia, wondering,
Admiring, loving, praising, loath to leave;
But when returning to my native soil,
One thing surprised me most—the English face,
I speak not of our men's bold conscious pride,
But of our women, just one word of praise.

We in England love the fresh,
The snowy forehead and the blooming cheek,
The tint of roses and the crystal eye,
Deep and serene as the uncurtained sky.
Our maidens walk with majesty of gait,
The queens of nature, fit for queens of State.

Such gallantry and patriotism as this would tell upon the English stage. Nor is this admiration of our women altogether a national prejudice, or the result of national associations. Foreigners do not dispute the pre-eminence of English female beauty, though the French will not admit that an English lady knows how to walk, and, to confess the truth, "majesty of gait" is not their prime accomplishment. A pretty Englishwoman often looks like Venus, but rarely walks like Juno. That Englishwomen are, upon the whole, a handsome race, though sad specimens of our nation sometimes exhibit themselves abroad is pretty generally admitted, and, when we do admire a foreigner, it is (whether the standard be a right or a wrong one), from his similarity to the best examples of manly beauty amongst ourselves. All foreigners, we believe, admire our children, their faces bring so peculiarly innocent and childlike, and rarely having that premature look and those sharp features which we see in foreign families and amongst those poorest classes in England, where, as Charles Lamb says, the children are rather *dragged up* than brought up. But we are running away from the main subject of the tragedy, and must abruptly close the book and end our comments, regretting that we have not space at our command to give a more elaborate account of it, to do justice to the author's talents by quoting from it at greater length.

Miss Meteyard (Silverpen) is engaged on a work on "Hallowed Spots of Ancient London," consisting of topographical, antiquarian, and descriptive sketches of scenes made memorable by the struggles of our fore-fathers for civil and religious freedom.

RACE FOR THE SIX-MILE CHAMPION'S BELT OF ENGLAND.—The race-grounds at Hackney-wick were thronged yesterday to witness the contest [between Edward Mills, of Hackney, the holder of the six-miles challenge champion belt, and John Brighton, of Norwich, (the challenger), the latter being also the four-mile champion. Mills, it will be remembered, is the only pedestrian who has defeated the Seneca Indian, Deerfoot, in a level race, when they contended for the same trophy; and as the two latter are again matched for £200, for eight miles, the lovers of this sport were much interested in the race, especially to witness the performance of Mills, who has again thrown down the gauntlet to such a star as the Indian has proved himself to be at a long distance. After an exciting race Brighton gave in much exhausted, at the 26th round, through a swelling in his left side, under the heart, Mills at a very diminished speed finishing the fourth mile in 20 minutes 45 seconds, and running the remainder of the distance at his leisure. The style and speed Mills displayed on this occasion will make him a formidable opponent to the Seneca Indian when they meet even at eight miles.

Notes

ON PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."—*As You Like It.*

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.

In a late number we gave a pictorial illustration of a scene in the fourth act of the new opera of "Ruy Blas," by Mr. Glover. The scene will merit the double advantage of good acting and a correct representation from the draughtsman's pencil and the engraver's stylus. The moment judiciously selected by our artist for his picture is when *Ruy Blas* has suddenly got possession of the sword of *Don Sallust*, and, standing between the Queen and her enraged and intriguing ex-minister, protects his Royal mistress from insult and menace, and suddenly turning the tables on his opponent, commands the situation.

We ought, perhaps, to have given an earlier notice of this new opera, but better late than never; and, after all, we are not sorry to have had a fuller opportunity of judging of its reception by the public. It is decidedly a success; though it does not even pretend to originality in the plot, being avowedly founded on Victor Hugo's celebrated drama. As a musical composition it contains many passages of much sweetness, grace, and beauty, and others of considerable skill and power. The words of this opera are, for the most part, but wretched specimens of English verse—in fact, sheer doggerel; but the music, though not of the highest order, is very creditable, indeed, to Mr. Glover's skill and science as an operatic composer.

According to the rule at this theatre, *encores* are not obeyed, partly out of consideration for the performers, whom it is often an act of selfishness and cruelty to call for the repetition of a difficult piece of music from an exhausted singer, and partly that the auditors themselves may not be wearied by the too prolonged character of the night's entertainment, and may return home at a reasonable hour. It required our full remembrance of all this to reconcile us to Miss Louisa Pyne's profound curtsy as the sole return for a most earnest *encore*, when she had given us a delicious proof of her almost unrivalled vocal powers—(quite unrivalled, in fact, as an English Opera singer)—in the ballad of "Could life's dark scene be changed for me?" which is sure, we think, to be a universal favourite, though it will never be so exquisitely sung by any other voice. What a fine silvery trill! How unspeakably soft and sweet! What perfect modulation! What method, taste, science and feeling! The gifted singer made us feel how superior to all instruments from the hand of man is the human voice; and this thought reminds us that we had sometimes to complain of the sweetest human tones being drowned in a storm of orchestral accompaniments; though the band was, upon the whole, most judiciously led by the accomplished Mellon; and perhaps we have rather to blame the composer than the leader, that the sweet-tongued prima donna should have occasionally exerted herself quite in vain and addressed rather the eye than the ear of her tantalized admirers. We beheld the movements of her lips, but as to the sweet notes they were delivering, she might as well have been with the skylark in high aerial regions beyond the hearing of all living things on earth. We could no more catch her accents on the stage than the tones of whispered music in the roar and clash of a battle-field. It would have satisfied the clown in the play of "Othello" who so paradoxically tells the musicians that if they have any music that cannot be heard they may play it again. "We have none such," replied the Venetian musicians—but that there is such music in an English Opera, Miss Louisa Pyne, we are sure, will very readily admit. We believe it is thought quite *en regle*, according to the new mode in music, to make it utterly impossible for the clearest toned soprano voice to pierce through the loud brassy brattling or thunderous din of a multitudinous orchestra; but whatever fashion or affectation may urge in favour of such a custom, so much more honoured in the breach than the observance, it will always be condemned by good taste and common sense.

The second solo piece which we noted to be amongst our English prima donna's most successful performances, was the little lyric of "Why then for such loving care," but in this case it was not fine taste and magical melodiousness that delighted us, but most showy and brilliant execution. The music of this difficult song is elaborate and florid to a high degree, and altogether it is something to admire rather than to love. Her duet with *Ruy Blas* in a later passage of the same scene was more to our taste. In this both singers quite enchanted us. To Mr. Harrison's truly exquisite tenor voice it is always a delight to listen, and he proved himself in the highly dramatic final scene of this opera to be as good an actor as singer. In the last trio he exhibited great skill, energy, and spirit, both of voice and action. He was well supported by Mr. Santley, who has a remarkably fine baritone voice, and is an easy and spirited actor. Miss Susan Pyne's representation of a starch pragmatical Duenna to the Queen was excellent indeed, and Miss Thirlwall's *Georgette* in the Operetta was a very praiseworthy histrionic performance, though her voice was her chief attraction, and she certainly sang very sweetly and very cleverly. Her *routades* and imitations of the flute exhibited great power and flexibility of voice. Miss Jessie McLean is a promising *débütante* (a transatlantic importation) with a good voice and figure, and much self-possession.

We cannot afford time or space for a notice of all who have parts in the new opera, but we may accord the whole entertainment our very hearty praise; for it is in all particulars excellently got up even to the grouping and the dances; the choruses generally are very spirited and well studied. We wish Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison a most successful season. They have begun well at all events, and merit a grateful return in the way of public favour, for many delightful and refined entertainments in the most magnificent and commodious theatre of which England has to boast.

Since writing the above, we have been called upon to notice the revival of Mr. G. A. Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, but cannot this week do justice to its claims. The new prima donna, Madame Guerrabella, in the part of *Maid Marian*, has achieved a great triumph.

THE OLYMPIC.

This snug little theatre is now as attractive as ever, Mr. Robson being restored to health and the stage. The house is kept in excellent humour during the performance of

Mr. Oxenford's new farce of "Legal impediments," which has, indeed, but little intrinsic merit, and really owes all its power over the risible faculties to the irresistible drollery of Mr. Robson. With any other actor in the part of *Slush* or *Hush* it would be a deplorable failure.

"*Wooing one's wife*" is another novelty at this house. The scene is laid at Königsburg, in Prussia, in the reign of Frederick the Great. The king marries Major Karl von Wabstein, without his consent, to a rich and lovely widow, whom he has never seen—the king himself acting as proxy for the absent officer. The Major subsequently meets his own wife without knowing her to be such, and makes love to her. This leads to many droll situations, and the piece goes off very pleasantly.

Miss Amy Sedgwick is delighting both old friends and new ones with her performance in the piece entitled "A Charming Woman."

The bills announce, as in preparation, a new comic drama, in two acts, to be called "Court Cards," and we are sorry not to see Mr. Robson's name on the list of those who are to take parts in it. Miss Amy Sedgwick, however, is to appear in it, and her name will, no doubt, draw good houses.

HAYMARKET.

Mr. Booth's *Othello* had been announced for daily performance throughout the week; but the great success of his *Richelieu* has induced the management to substitute Bulwer Lytton's play for Shakespeare's; so that though we have an inferior drama we have better acting. We have not seen Mr. Booth's *Othello*, but if it was anything like his *Sir Giles Overreach*, we have lost no ordinary treat, though the papers generally speak rather unfavourably of it. In his *Richelieu*, he seems to have satisfied not only the public, but most of the best of our professional critics. For our own part we think very highly of his personation of the ambitious Prime Minister of Louis the Thirteenth. We plainly see a reaction of the public mind in favour of this actor and against M. Fechter; the one having been too sparingly applauded and the other extravagantly overrated. The great merit of Mr. Booth is perfect sincerity. He makes us forget the actor. He thoroughly identifies himself with his part. After most careful previous study in the closet, he is at once earnest and easy on the stage. Mr. Brooke, with all his rough force and vehemence, and his long practice and experience, betrays the actor at every turn, and seems to be afraid of going wrong by accident or forgetfulness, having apparently much the same feeling as a schoolboy declaiming a passage from "Enfield's Speaker," and thinking too much of his task and of his hearers to forget his own individuality for a single moment. We observe this want of abandon even in M. Fechter; for though he studies his parts most conscientiously, he never forgets he is acting. He is a little too much given to self-criticism, when he should be carried away by passion. In the closet it is right that he should be nothing if not critical, but after having oncomade up his mind how a character is to be personated, he should trust more to nature than to art—to his feelings than to his judgment. On the boards he should be wholly unconscious of the existence of the audience and the critics—forget everything but his part. Even a genial reader incapable of acting may be carried away by strong sympathy into self-oblivion, under the spell of the true poet, who

Gives his breast a thousand pains
And makes him feel each passion that he feigns,
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art;
With pity and with terror, tear his heart,
And smite him over the earth or through the air,
To Thetis or Athens, when he will or where.

True acting must double the power of the poet, for

By the night-actor brought
Illusion's perfect triumphs come—
Verse ceases to be any thought
And sculpture to be dumb.

But unless the actor's art becomes nature, unless he himself forgets his individuality, he cannot make his audience forget it; and the fault of M. Fechter is that he lets his audience always remember that he is an actor, and a peculiarly anxious and careful artist; to do him justice, however, he is infinitely superior to such an actor as Mr. Brooke who gets his task by heart, and is afraid, indeed, of going wrong; but his fears are not the result of any subtle or ingenious critical speculations. M. Fechter is essentially a thinker, though often a mistaken one. In fact, he is sometimes too much of a philosophical critic, and, like *Hamlet*, thinks when he ought to act. For these reasons we prefer Mr. Booth to either. His performance of *Richelieu* is admirable for its intensity. From the first scene to the last, every word, look, and gesture, seem true interpreters of his heart. The great difficulty in this part—especially for so young a man as Mr. Booth—is to reconcile the energetic mind and earnest heart of *Richelieu* with corporal exhaustion; for in his withered frame the great minister was prematurely old, for he died before he had reached his three score years. We think Mr. Booth triumphed over this difficulty with great skill and apparent ease, except in the final scene, when he was somewhat too loud and vehement. Indeed he screamed painfully, and forgot entirely what was due to the dignity of the part. But though he left the critics some few points for fair censure, his performance was, on the whole, a most truthful one, and an evidence of great tragic power. He is yet but at the commencement of his career, and is an actor of great present excellence and still higher promise.

The whole play is admirably got up at this theatre, where there is a company of which the manager may be proud.

Mr. Morton's farce of "Lend me Five Shillings," which succeeded the play, with Mr. Buckstone as *Golightly*, was all that could have been anticipated from that established favourite of the public.

Mr. C. Matthews has taken his leave of this theatre for a time, and will next month give a series of "At Homes," in the style of his celebrated father. If he is only half as successful in his personations as his father was, he will add greatly to the public stock of innocent amusement.

ADELPHI.

A rustic citizen of Athens voted against Aristides because he was tired of hearing him called "Aristides the Just." Some people, on a similar principle, it seems, are tired of the popularity of the "Colleen Bawn," which is "dying of its own too much." It is to be superseded by "The Octoroon; or, Life in Louisiana," by the same author, who, like an unnatural parent, sacrifices one of his children to the interests of another. The *Octoroon* was to appear on Monday last, but has been postponed for a week.



THE PARIS FISH MARKET—ARRIVAL OF THE FISH.

THE PARIS FISH MARKET.

THE "Halle du Poisson," or Fish Market, is a recently-erected building in Paris, forming part of the great central halls constructed by order of the Imperial Government. The new halls cover a space of fifteen English acres, occupied by eight elegant pavilions, below which is a vast extent of cellarage

built upon iron arches, and communicating with an iron railway for the conveyance of provisions to the market. The fish market and service of the fish market were organised by a municipal commission in 1855, on the proposition of the Prefect of Police. The head of the authorities is a comptroller, who has under his order *rendeurs*, or salesmen, who are seen in our engraving below standing on a raised platform busy entering

all the sales in their ledgers. The duty of these *rendeurs* is not only to take official control of the amount of fish bought and sold, but to see to the observance of the rules and regulations of the market. A little below the *rendeurs* to the right as seen in our engraving, stand the *crieurs*, or criers, who offer the fish for sale and proclaim aloud the name of the buyer, with the price given.



THE PARIS FISH MARKET. DISPOSAL OF THE FISH TO WHOLESALE BUYERS.

LADY ELFRIDA'S POWER.

CHAPTER XI.

But now, now as sorrow came upon her she felt the birth of a new life. Till now, he had been looked for; the time of his coming had been brightly anticipated; if he came late she was wilful, if he was punctual she was happy—but now when some unknown trouble was present, when the mother on whom she had always relied, on which she had left the burden of existence, had suddenly turned and cast the weight of both their lives upon her, she yearned towards him with an eager, reliant hope which she herself could not comprehend while as it were, caressing it.

'Twas the change of but a poor quarter of an hour. Many of you, cold and unwilling, either by nature wholly, or partially by education, will be doubtful to believe that a few wretched minutes will convert a blithe love into a deep absorbing passion.

Why not?

Read the daily papers diligently, and you will too often find a case of man and woman (English or French, no matter), who will destroy themselves in a whirl of despairing love, only three, or two weeks, or even half-a-dozen days, from the date at which they did not know of each other's existence.

Consider, then, that the bright, perhaps shallow love of a girl, who has known no grief, may change by a quick and sudden trouble, or be changed into a deep absorbing passion.

As Constance Falconridge knelt by her sleeping mother, as she knelt with her hand clasped in that which had first caressed her, her whole life changed. She had ceased to be a girl. She was a woman. A watchful man can often see such a change.

Knecing, she heard the heavy measured step of the two doctors as they passed the door after leaving Lady Elfrida's room. Her first impulse was to call to them, then the remembrance of her mother stayed the words rising to her lips, and she remained silent.

The heavy steps grow duller in the distance and ceased. A few moments and she heard the rolling of the carriage in which they had arrived. It seemed many minutes which passed before the noise of the wheels died into a sickening silence, and then she seemed quite alone with her mother, who was still lightly breathing, and sleeping as calmly as a child.

Hour after hour passed, and the dismal autumn evening had fallen.

No one had come near them.

The madam had gone out paying fluffly return visits in the castle carriage, by which indeed she ruled amongst her fluffly and own particular acquaintances, and Elfrida kept away.

The fire had gone out, the place was quite dark, and the servants were wondering why lights were not wrung for.

Yet the time since the noise of the doctors' departing carriage had ceased, had passed rapidly over Constance. Harold—if he were only here that she might rely on him. She felt if

he were there she would go to him as she had never gone, as though her very soul were his, and cling to him, and trust him as a far greater being than she herself.

Then the feeling grew upon her to send for him. Why not? If he were her husband all her trouble it would be his care to smoothen, and was he not to be her husband? Yes—she would send to him; she knew where he was stopping in York. If she sent for him at once he would be there in a few hours. Yes—she would send for him.

As she took this resolution, her heart beating at the first resolve of wifely confidence, she was rising from her feet, when the mother's hand, which still held hers, grasped it in that sleeping alarm a slumbering child will show when you would withdraw your hand. But as the child, when you yield to its grasp, seems wholly to root its trust as you momentarily yield, and lets you withdraw your hand in the following second, so Lady Falconridge yielded her daughter's hand.

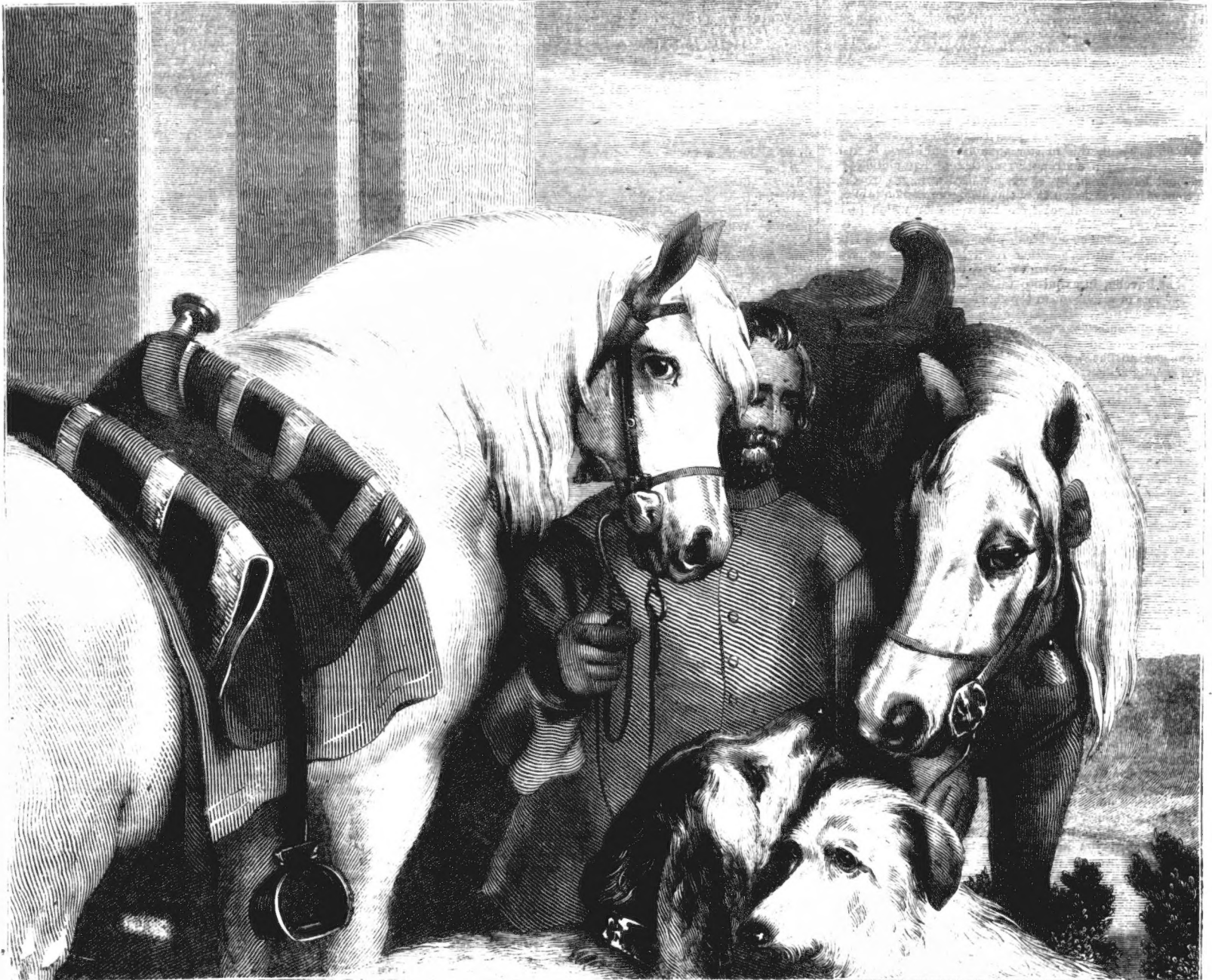
Constance walked gradually in the dark towards the bell, and rang it softly.

Then she started.

She heard the tramp of a coming horse. Nearer it came, and she was sure. Ask any woman, whose lover reaches her house on horseback, whether she does not learn to distinguish his horse's footfall as certainly as his own?

"His horse!" she thought. "He took it with him; he has come."

The next moment the man entered the room with the lamp



HORSES, AFTER SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

"Ah rally that, miss, my lady had forgot the lamp," said the man. "Do you be ill, miss?"

"No; please to leave the room."

He had not closed the door when she went to a window.

Yes, it was Harold. She could just distinguish him; and she heard his voice as he told a stableman to look after his horse.

She had never left the room to meet him yet, but now, her changed life begun, being him rather than allowing him to leave her, she opened the door, and stood listening for his footfall and his voice.

"Where is Lady Elfrida?"

The words fell cold on her heart, but it beat heavily once more as she heard him approaching her, after receiving the servant's answer.

Sir Harold Anwold was in the habit of meeting Constance frankly and cheerfully as an English gentleman who respected himself and her.

He started, as she stood before him, saying eagerly "Harold."

"I am so glad you have come."

As she spoke she did what she had never done. She crept towards him and laid her hand upon his broad chest.

"How your heart beats," she said. Then rapidly added, "why do you not speak?"

"You came so suddenly upon me, Miss Falconridge."

"Miss Falconridge?"

"I beg your pardon, Constance," he said, "where is Lady Falconridge?"

The word reminded Constance of all the dependence that she meant to place in him. "I am so very glad you have come Harold, I have so longed to see you. Mamma has been asking for you with quite strange eagerness."

"Yes, I have heard that Lady Falconridge is unwell," he said in a cold voice, passing Constance and entering the room. As he did so his eyes fell upon Lady Falconridge, still calmly asleep, he hastily averted them.

"Who told you, Harold?"

He could not meet her eyes, as he answered, "Dr. Harkson and Dr. Hall—I met their carriage and stopped it."

"Why, how did you know they had been here?"

"I—I guessed it," said the baronet, confusedly.

She fought against the dull sickening loneliness she felt taking an awful possession of her—but her enemy was powerful.

"Harold, I want you to help me. My mother does so seem

to depend upon you. I know not what has happened to her. I want you to learn and tell me."

"I know already," he said. As he spoke he stood away from Constance, as though he dreaded her.

"Know already—what?" she asked in dread surprise.

He hesitated, then said, "Where is Elfrida?"

"Why Harold—have we any secrets we cannot tell each other?" She came closer to him, and said, "Husband, dear husband, what ails our mother?"

He fell back.

She then fell back from him.

As she did so an ominous tap came at the door.

The servant waiting brought the message that Lady Elfrida would see Sir Harold in her own room.

The servant gone, and the poor lady still sleeping, Sir Harold moved towards the door.

"Where are you going, Sir Harold?" asked Constance.

"I must see Lady Elfrida."

"I desire you, if I am to have any influence with you in my life, to remain here till you have spoken to Lady Falconridge."

"Pardon me—her ladyship is asleep. I can see her and you to-morrow."

His hand was on the lock—

"Harold, if I am your promised wife stay with me, for I am lonely."

He hesitated but one moment, then bowed awkwardly and left the room.

She was alone once more with her sleeping mother, to whom she turned trembling and desolate. The sleeping hand closed once more upon the daughter's, and so they remained; the lady who had been the passive cause of this mischief peacefully asleep, the widowed daughter shivering and crouching in undefined fear at her side.

CHAPTER XII.

It is astonishing how a weak mind will yield itself to a stronger when the first becomes impressed with the power of the latter. It is in this inexplicable fact lies all the abuse of intellect we daily find. Knowledge is power, and power is for good or evil. It can readily be understood that the possession of power only too frequently leads to its abuse, and thus it falls out that the very intellectual power upon which, properly guarded by the several faculties, the progress of the world depends, is prompted to abuse its divine attributes by the servility of the weaker mind, when the latter yields not to reason, but to admiring fear.

Sir Harold Anwold was intellectually a coward. He could face bodily danger with no more trepidation than is felt by most men; he could think of death with a cool business-like feeling; but he could not, or did not, exercise his intellect to "guard himself." It was open to any impression—could be moulded by any stronger, and, therefore, it must possibly be said *higher*, intellect than his own, if combined with a physical force which propitiated his bodily strength by being less strong and powerful than his. Hence it resulted that an intellectual woman could exert that power over him which is so frequently wielded by clever women over hearty, heavy, brave, yet simple-minded gentlemen.

If Sir Harold Anwold's love for Constance grew weak, the crime was barely to be called his. The man's intellect was dominated by a stronger one; he could no more be accused of self-direction in this matter than he could have been accused of stealing if a stronger man than he had clutched his arms, and forced him, by sheer physical strength, to grasp and remove a silver flagon from the next communion table.

The baronet went direct from the room in which he left Constance to Lady Elfrida's apartment.

She knew he had come. The place and herself were prepared for him. Elfrida's sitting room had been re-decorated and re-furnished at her own expense, immediately after her arrival at Ravelin, in exquisite taste. There was not a single confused line of ornament in the room—not a spot of violent colour to be found. The entire apartment was a minute panorama of comfort, rest, oneness, and home. It was one of those apartments in which a person accustomed to luxury, and one used to but a single room, could at once find themselves equally at home. A person of great taste would have recognized its perfection, while one to whom it was a comparatively dead letter, would have felt the softening ease-giving influence of this chamber.

Elfrida's room was always in exquisite order; she could not bear it to be otherwise. It was always beautiful and calm and brilliant—a perfect reflection of its mistress.

Pass into her sleeping room beyond and the same exquisite taste was to be seen. Yet there were great differences from the sitting-room. The bed-chamber was light and cheerful, and seemed fitted for one who slept to live rather than one who lived to sleep.

Lady Elfrida was seated near the fire reading, when Sir Harold tapped more lightly at her door than he had ever tapped at any other. She was dressed in white camelot—you know that soft material in which a woman looks as pure as an angel, and which yet shows the outlines of her form, and reveals more of the texture and colour of her skin than any other fabric. It makes a beautiful woman almost the semblance to a Greek statue, where the beauty of the woman is defiantly shown, and yet before which we stand, not in tumultuous passion, but in passionate awe. The very book she held—the very chair in which she sat, heightened her beauty; for the first shone in the gold which heightened the power of her dress, while the broad black velvet covering of the low chair, threw up the waving outlines of her form.

"Come in," she said. She did not rise to receive him; she only looked towards the door.

He came forward awkwardly enough, for he felt in a moment that he, travel-stained as he was, ought to have no place there, and yet the softening, soothing influence of the room was upon him as he crossed the threshold.

"I am so glad you have come back, Harold; throw your hat down anywhere—come and take a chair near me; you have seen Lady Falconridge since you entered the house, I am sure."

"Yes, Elfrida, for a few moments. I was coming to you at once, but—"

"But?" she asked musically, as she looked at him with that kind of assured pity with which we regard an infuriated small bird trying to bite the fingers of its mistress.

"Constance stopped me," he said, "and I could not pass her."

"Why should you?" she asked, in a candid voice, very different from that in which she had asked questions of the artist. The baronet blushed as he said, "I thought it ought to be you whom I should first see upon my return to Ravelin."

"Nonsense, Harold." As she spoke, she smoothed her hair; He followed the movement of the hand in a kind of rapture.

"I passed the doctors, Elfrida, and spoke to them."

"And, of course, they told you to anticipate the worst?"

"They gave me to understand that, in the legal sense of the term, Lady Falconridge is certainly not in her proper senses."

"They have offered, in case of necessity," she replied, "legally to complete their belief at any time I may name."

"You?" the baronet answered, candidly.

"He knows nothing of Lord George's will," she thought, as he made that answer.

"I thought the matter would rest in Sir Jeffrey Peltons' hands," the baronet continued.

"No—mine," she said calmly.

A moment's silence ensued, then she asked, "What have you said to Constance?"

"Little; I left her to infer more than I said," Sir Harold answered.

"And what did you infer, Harold?"

The baronet hesitated some moments, and then said, "I asked these doctors a question relative to a matter beyond Lady Falconridge."

"May I ask what it was, Sir Harold?"

"I asked whether madness was hereditary in all cases. Doctor Hall answered, 'that depends upon certain circumstances.' He said no more, and I rode on, after wishing them both good night."

"Shall I tell you what those circumstances are?" Elfrida asked.

"Can you?" he said, quite eagerly.

"Hereditary madness depends upon the comparative vital force of the father and mother—the mind, which I need not tell you is regarded by all the great German philosophers as totally apart from the soul, takes its tendency from that one of the parents in whom the vital principle is strongest. If a child be born of parents in one of whom—say the mother—hereditary insanity is present, the children will hereditarily have a tendency to madness if that mother has a stronger vital principle than the father. If, on the contrary, the father has the stronger vital principle, and is not the one of the parents in whom hereditary insanity is present, there is little chance of the children inheriting the—curse."

As Elfrida uttered the last word, Harold started.

"Those are the certain circumstances to which the doctors referred," she continued. "Of course you put the question to them, with reference to Constance, did you not?"

"Yes."

"Why do you hesitate and blush, Sir Harold Anwold, in answering my question?" she asked, with a kind of petulant indignation.

"Elfrida," the baronet returned, "I want help, and I know not where to seek it so well as from you. If you could look into my soul now and see how it wavers, you would pity me. Do not look so hard and cold at me—you make me feel as though I should go mad when you look at me in that manner. Your face seems to become a mere blank, frozen mask."

"Why should your soul, as you say—though you mean your mind—why should your soul waver?"

"Because—" with this one poor word the baronet trailed off into silence.

With a petulant sound of impatience, Lady Elfrida rose from the chair and rested her elbow on the silver-gray velvet draped mantle. With the other hand she raised the silver fret-work cover of a glass moss-filled globe on the shelf. No sooner had she done this than a bright-eyed, narrow headed, brown serpent began sliding up the glass and over its edge. The next moment her light fingers, the movements of which seemed as beautiful as those of the serpent, were around the reptile, which she calmly laid within the folds of the bosom of her dress.

"You look surprised, Harold—did you not know I have a pet mania for serpents? I have—I cannot help it. I think I took the fancy from reading about those wonderful Roman ladies who often carried bright green serpents with them. I cannot get green serpents, only these brown ones. You can buy them in any of the low Jew quarters in London or Paris—you know the Jews never have forgotten that they came from the East, where, you know, serpents are as common as pigeons in Europe. Don't laugh at my fancy. I assure you this creature, which I call Basilisk, is as tame as my dog Tiny."

"I'm not laughing, Elfrida," he returned.

"No?" she answered. "So much the better, I do not care to be laughed at. Now shall I tell you why your mind wavers. Do not get up, keep in your chair. I prefer to stand."

"Yes, tell me," he said, and he looked up to her with awful confidence.

"Because you let what they call pity fight with your reason; let me speak plainly, Harold; the world is governed by reason, and wherever the passions such as love, pity, and hate, are allowed to overpower reason, depend upon it fault is committed. I can see your mind—you are engaged to Constance Falconridge, your reason tells you this is wrong; your pity bids you believe that engagement to be binding. Your pity lies! You start at my using such a word. I know it is a strong word—I use it for its strength. I am too proud to weaken my belief by a conventionalism. Sir Harold Anwold, I have told you that hereditary insanity is taken only from the parent possessing the higher vital principle. In Constance Falconridge's case, which vital force (which is totally apart from mental), think you, was the stronger—that of Lady Falconridge, who has never had any bodily ailment, or that of Lord George Falconridge, who was never well, who was ailing all his life, and who died young, as did his brother, the Earl of Falconridge, my father? In which was the vital power greater? Assuredly in Lady Falconridge. Then the certain circumstances those doctors spoke of *do exist*—Constance Falconridge possesses the seeds of hereditary insanity."

The baronet was miserably moved, as a strong man of little mental power will be when a great emotional convulsion is shaking him throughout his frame.

"Yet," he at last answered, "if a disposition to insanity in Constance has not shown itself, in honor to her, my promise holds good, does it not?"

"No," Elfrida answered, and the word was uttered so forcibly that the serpent which had fallen asleep, after curling itself luxuriantly in the unaccustomed warmth of the breast upon which he rested, started and thrust out the brilliant, forked, yet harmless tongue which gives the tribe such a threatening look. "No—a thousand times no. You make a contract with this woman, supposing a certain state of things to exist; amongst others, that she is sane, and will in all probability keep so. You learn that you have been deceived—perhaps not by her. I see the objection rising to your lips; yet you have been deceived, if not by her, by Lady Falconridge; if not by her, by the secret having been kept from her by her mother. I say no. You are not bound in honour to marry this woman. Your reason tells you to believe this. Whatever miserable emotion bids you to deny your reason, is one of those enemies which are the curse of the world. Think you that Constance Falconridge will love her mother any the better when she learns the truth? If, as I believe, Lady Falconridge has known the truth, think you that if you married this woman, and if she bore you children—bah! I do not fear to talk like this—do you think unmarried women are dolls that they must never speak of children being born—if I say she bore you children, and in their time she followed in Lady Falconridge's miserable footsteps, do you think they would love you any the more for the pity which induced you to marry their mother?"

They would love you *less* for the knowledge. You have turned pale—why?"

He had. Very pale.

"I am thinking you are right, Elfy, and yet your words make my heart feel very blank."

"I tell you, Harold Anwold, once more, that we too often flatter ourselves we are very generous if we suffer pity and other emotions to overcome justice, when, in reality, we have committed a cruelty which will show itself somewhere sooner or later. Do not be weak—the world is governed by strength. I swear to you that if I were cursed as Constance Falconridge is cursed I would return to the nunnery where I was brought up—nay, I would rather destroy myself than let my inclinations interfere with the just fate to which my calamity should doom me. I am sick of weakness. When I have heard a woman told that she must marry to avoid consumption, I have beaten my hands upon the wall in anger. 'See,' I have thought, 'this miserable weak wretch to prolong her life will confer life misery, and perhaps hatred of herself, upon half-a-dozen children—the coward.' I see you are looking with more good-heartedness and less fear upon me, Harold. I see you are beginning to comprehend me."

Somehow—God only knows why—tears stood in the eyes of this strong, weak-minded English gentleman.

Lady Elfrida continued: "Do not think I am alone in my philosophy. There's your fellow-countywoman, Charlotte Brontë. You remember what an effect her death produced? You have heard, if you have not read, how exalted and pure her works are. Why do you think the world would be the worse if we were all such as she was? And yet that woman held a philosophy of reason—guided her life by reason. Read her own words: 'Those who are too weak to live are only fit to die.' Surely those who are only fit to die are not brought into this world to perpetuate their weakened race. Harold Anwold, you have no right, either human or divine, to marry that woman. She has no right to claim you as a husband."

Suddenly—as suddenly as we each of us most frequently change the whole course of our lives, the English baronet flung himself before Lady Elfrida, upon both his knees, and clung about her waist.

"Teach me, Elfrida," he cried, "teach me how to live."

CHAPTER XIII.

LADY ELFRIDA FALCONRIDGE was once more alone. As she had dominated Sir Harold so she controlled him. The moment she found him at her feet, she knew she had utterly conquered him, and in the next moment she had hidden her dominion, and suffused her face and voice with the fascination which was as easy to her as the frank and unguarded candour in which she frequently luxuriated.

She had told him to write to Constance, "plainly" she added, "I speak as your sister. You will write kindly, but tell her your engagement is broken, and give her the reason. To do so will be far more reasonable, say merciful, if possible, than such suspense as she must be feeling."

"Write your letter, and bring it me," she said, in a calm authoritative tone, as though her will could not be questioned; while he, in utter obedience said, "yes, in an hour," and left the room. She looked at the embossed china time-piece on the chimney-piece as he did so.

It was seven o'clock.

Withers, the maid, coming to say that both the dinner bells had rung, found her mistress seated by the fire playing with "that there jess support," as she called it. The undulating creature was winding in and out between the delicate white fingers of his owner, enjoying the warmth and delicate softness of the skin with that wondrous sensualism its tribe alone seems to possess. As the maid entered the room, its lightning-like forked white tongue once more shimmered from its mouth.

The servants' hall had plenty to talk about that night. "Well," said Bulkers, "yesterday was queer, but for this is queerer than yesterday. What no dinner nowhere, then what's the use o' cooks. What Withers, lay in on the sofa asleep in the droon' room? Well Withers if it comes to that what's the use o' sofas if they ain't laid on?" For Bulkers had her little tempers.

"What mamzelle," this was to Withers, and Miss Constance at her side,—well Withers, an where would yer'ave a daughter, if not at 'er mother's side, which I'm altered Withers one should pity your bringings up."

"What, Lady Elfrida is in her own room as cool as hicc nussin a snake, an why not? why should not she be cool? what, why am I not cool myself, praps Withers you'll get out o' my kitchen, which you've no more right in it nor up that chimney?"

So if the drawing room was not at peace, the kitchen was not far from war, from all of which a great everyday moral may be learned.

Lady Elfrida sat playing with her serpent and thinking. Her face was quite calm—there was no wickedness upon it.

Slowly the fingers ceased to move, and the hands lay on the lap entangled in the folds of the serpent.

"Why not?" she murmured. "Sir Jeffrey thinks I do. The conditions under which I gain Ravelin are perfect. I do gain it. How beautiful I will make this place."

As she spoke her eye lighted up with a kind of ecstasy.

Again the calmness spread over her face, and after a little time she thought, "why not at once, why procrastinate?"

Without another moment's hesitation she rose from her chair, put the serpent into its mossy home, fastened the silver fillagree cover, and returned to her writing table and desk, which were of ebony beautifully inlaid with silver carved *niello*.

Few were the words she wrote.

"Dear Sir,—You told me to-day that if at any time it became necessary to obtain a legal substantiation of your belief as to Lady Falconridge's mental condition, in order to act upon it, that I or the executors could obtain this from you and Dr. Hall by applying for it. I may tell you that by Lord George Falconridge's will, provision is made for the calamity which has overtaken Lady Falconridge, and I therefore pray you to complete your inquiry by legally substantiating it in the way to which you referred this morning. I wish to act upon your decision and immediately. I write to Dr. Hall by this post. I am, dear sir, faithfully yours, ELFRIDA FALCONRIDGE."

She sealed this letter, then wrote a second, word for word, to Dr. Hall, except that where in the first she used this name, in the second she wrote that of Dr. Harkness.

(To be continued in our next.)

[The following appeared in our Second Edition of last week:]—

REFORMS IN PRUSSIA.

Important Liberal reforms are announced from Berlin.

The number of deputies of landed proprietors in the Upper House is to be gradually cut down to forty-five, instead of ninety, as at present.

In a circular on the elections, Government promises to continue the reforms of the Stein period, and to place rural administration in the hands of all proprietors, instead of the largest proprietors exclusively.

Bills on education, as well as on the responsibility of the Cabinet, will be introduced.

The late increase in the army is to continue.

FRANCE.

The *Presse* of Wednesday evening states that the occupation of the Valley of Dappes by French troops continues.

The *Patrie* asserts that the session of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies will open on the 15th January next.

According to the same paper, the contingent which France will dispatch to Mexico will number 3,000 men.

The *Pays* publishes an article signed by M. Droule, criticising the conduct and the policy of Baron Ricasoli's Cabinet, which, it says, has addressed a kind of ultimatum to the only ally of Italy in Europe. It highly eulogises Signor Rattazzi, and declares that he is the only man who is fit to be at the head of the Italian Ministry.

The *Debats* and *La Patrie* each contain a version of the conditions of the convention regulating the intervention in Mexico. The principal are that the three powers will each send an equal naval force, but that Spain will furnish two-thirds of the land forces. The united forces will occupy Vera Cruz and other points on the coast, and then address their demands to the constituted authorities at Mexico. If the Government refuse to concede these demands an advance will be made on the capital, and a further agreement come to as to the future proceedings. An effort will be made to effect a suspension of hostilities between the belligerent parties in Mexico, but the country will be left free to choose its own form of government. The powers engage not to occupy permanently any portion of Mexican territory, nor to seek any exclusive advantages. The Federal Government of America will be invited to join in the expedition.

SWITZERLAND.

BERNE, Nov. 6.—The report of the Federal Commissioners on the affair of the Valley of Dappes concludes by recommending the Federal Government to bring about a solution of the differences with France as speedily as possible.

SAXONY.

The Saxon Diet has been convoked for the 20th instant. It is expected that it will pass resolutions in reference to the present state of things, and will send a deputation composed of Saxons to the Emperor.

POLAND.

WARSAW, Nov. 4.—An official account of the events which took place on the 15th ultimo, founded on reports made to the ecclesiastical authorities, will shortly be published by the Government.

The Protestant churches in Warsaw are now open.

PORTUGAL.

LISBON, Nov. 6.—The Infante Dom Ferdinand died at 4 a.m. to-day.

The Portuguese Cortes were opened to-day.

The Royal message contained nothing of importance.

THE ATTEMPTED MURDER AT PADDINGTON.—At the Marylebone court on Wednesday, William West and James Barker were discharged, on account of there not being sufficient evidence to commit them.

THE REV. MR. HATCH AND HIS ATTORNEYS.—This was an action brought by the plaintiff to recover damages for the negligence of the defendants, Messrs. Lewis and Lewis, of Ely-place, as his attorneys in conducting his defence on an indictment preferred against him at the Central Criminal Court, for indecent assaults on two young girls named Plummer, who had been confided to the plaintiff's care while he was filling the office of chaplain to Wandsworth Gaol. At the trial, before the Lord Chief Baron, the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, with 10s. damages. An application was then made to the learned judge to certify for costs, and on his refusal a rule was moved for and obtained by Mr. Chambers, on behalf of the plaintiff, to enable the plaintiff to recover the costs of the action.

The rule was argued at great length in the Court of Exchequer, on Tuesday and Wednesday, when after an elaborate judgment the rule was refused.

CHILD MURDER.—Mr. G. S. Brent held on Wednesday last, an inquest in the board-room of Marylebone Workhouse on the body of a murdered infant, which was found packed up in a parcel and deposited in Regent's Park. The evidence set forth that, between seven and eight o'clock on Saturday morning last, a parcel was discovered by Masekell, a labourer in the service of the Woods and Forests, near North-

lodge, Regent's Park. It was of brown canvas, and lightly tied. On examining it he distinctly saw, without removing the covering, the head and arm of a child. He then called Downs, a park-keeper, to whom he gave the parcel, and on opening it they found a piece of whiplcord bound round the neck of the child, and there appeared to have been a blow on the back of the head. Mr. W. Fuller, resident surgeon to Marylebone Infirmary, said he examined the child and found it to be newly born. It was a female of full growth. Round the neck was a ligature of whiplcord, passed tightly round twice. There were marks of blood on the back of the head, but he could find no corresponding injuries. There was not the slightest doubt that death was produced by strangulation. The jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

DEPRIVING LOAN SOCIETIES.—At the Middlesex Sessions, on Wednesday, a man named Samuel Jacobs, with a number of aliases, was convicted of obtaining by fraudulent representations a sum of money from the North London Loan Society and from others, and sentenced to three years' penal servitude. The same day, William Rufus Twist and Robert Owen, for a similar offence, were each sentenced to one year's penal servitude.

"KLEPTOMANIA."—THE LADY BORN DEAF.—Two young ladies who, when taken into custody, gave the assumed names of Long and Murray, were sentenced at the Middlesex Sessions on Wednesday. The prisoners, it appeared from the evidence, entered several booksellers' shops on the pretence of purchasing books for school prizes, and whilst they were being shown the articles they contrived to secrete several of them in a black leather bag, which they carried underneath their shawls; and, in order to get out of the shop without making a purchase, they directed the books they selected to be sent to a fictitious address. They pleaded guilty to the charge, though refusing all information as to their relatives and connections. They were sentenced each to nine months' imprisonment with hard labour.

WHOLESALE STEALING.—In March last ten bales of silk were stolen from a barge into which they had been discharged from a China ship. The case excited great attention at the time, and several persons were apprehended and tried, but only one man was convicted. There were two or three others implicated, however, who thought proper to abscond. Rewards were offered for their apprehension, but nothing was heard of them till Thursday, when one of them, a man named Hunter, surrendered himself to the magistrate, and denied any knowledge of the robbery. He was remanded and admitted to bail.

SERIOUS CHARGE.—Samuel Rawson, cotton spinner, of Bradford, charged with wilfully setting fire to Portland Mill, Bradford, has been committed for trial.

FIRE IN STROKE-NEWINGTON.—A fire occurred on Thursday morning at Stoke-Newington, which there is some to believe is the work of an incendiary.

The Bank of England has reduced its rate of discount to 3 per cent.

A question, important to cabdrivers, has been just decided by Mr. Arnold, the sitting magistrate at Westminster. Two persons may legally travel in a cab for one fare; but the case becomes complicated when an infant in arms is added to number. Mr. Arnold, after an elaborate argument, and without expressing much confidence in his own judgment, decided that an infant was to be considered a "person" within the meaning of the act, and must, therefore, be charged an additional fare.

THE ATTEMPTED MURDER IN SOUTHWARK.—At the Southwark police court, on Thursday, Henry Phillips was brought before Mr. Burcham for final examination, charged with stabbing Alfred Ray, with intent to murder him. Additional evidence having been given, the prisoner was committed for trial.

It is affirmed in well-informed circles in Berlin, that the King and Queen of Prussia and the Hereditary Prince and Princess will go to London for the grand exhibition next year.

HARPER'S FERRY, so called, is a post-village, in Jefferson county, Virginia. Its site is at the confluence of the Shenandoah river with the Potomac; and it is here, where the united noble stream rushes through the Blue Ridge with a sublime impetuosity, exciting, amazing, and singularly attractive. It is considered one of the greatest scenes of the kind, in nature. Harper's Ferry is 160 miles north of Richmond; and 53 miles north west of Washington. A bridge, 800 feet in length, spans the Potomac; and a ferry also plies the river. The village is compactly, but irregularly built. It lies around the base of a hill. Here are churches, factories, an armory, and an arsenal, (the armory has recently been removed to Richmond). A great number of muskets have annually been made here; and large stands of arms have been generally stored. The Baltimore and Ohio railroad runs through here, and the Ohio and Chesapeake canal passes along the opposite side of the Potomac. Harper's Ferry gained much notoriety by the John Brown raid; and it is daily becoming more famous. Its population is about 4,500.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

ARTIFICIAL FIRE BALLS.—Put thirty grains of phosphorus into a bottle which contains three or four ounces of water. Place the vessel over a lamp and give it a boiling heat. Balls of fire will soon be seen to issue from the water, after the manner of artificial fireworks, attended by the most beautiful corruscations.

A FIRE PROOF AND WATER PROOF CEMENT.—To half a pint of milk put an equal quantity of vinegar, in order to curdle it; then separate the curd from the whey, and mix the whey with the whites of four or five eggs, beating the whole well together. When it is well mixed, add a little quick lime, through a sieve, until it has acquired the consistence of a thick paste. With this cement broken vessels and cracks of all kinds may be mended. It dries quickly, and resists the action of fire and water.

THE FINGER-NAILS.—The nails should be kept clean by the daily use of the nail-brush and soap and water. After wiping the hands, but while they are still soft from the action of the water, gently push back the skin which is apt to grow over the nails, which will not only preserve them neatly rounded, but will prevent the skin cracking around their roots, and becoming sore. The nails should be cut neatly at least once a week.

SHIRT-FRONT.—Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder; put it into a pitcher and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water, according to the degree of strength you desire; and then having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it and keep it for use. A table-spoonful stirred into a pint of starch, made in the usual manner, will give to the shirts an air of newness, when nothing else can restore them after washing. It is also good (much diluted) for thin white muslins and bobbinet.

HOW TO SECURE A FRESH ROSE AT ANY TIME.—Select a rosebud which is just on the eve of blooming, tie a thread around the stem and clip it off below where it is tied, and immediately apply some sealing wax to the end of the stem, after which lay it in paper and roll it up, twisting the ends of the paper; repeat it until you have rolled it up in three or four papers, then place the whole in a box and put the box in a drawer so as to exclude the air. When you wish to wear a rose on any occasion, all you have to do is to unwrap the bud, clip off the stem above, where it is tied, and drop it in a tumbler of lukewarm water, and in about twenty minutes you will have a rose in full bloom.

PEPPER.—Black pepper irritates and inflames the coatings of the stomach. Red pepper does not; it excites, but does not irritate, consequently it should be used instead of black pepper. It was known to the Romans, and has been in use in the East Indies from time immemorial. Persons in health do not need any pepper in their food, but to those of weak and languid stomachs, it is manifestly more beneficial to use Cayenne pepper at meals, than any form of wine, brandy or beer, because it stimulates without the reaction of sleepiness or debility.

THE TONGUE.—A white fur on the tongue attends simple fever and inflammation. Yellowness of the tongue attends a derangement of the liver, and is common to bilious and typhus fevers. A tongue vividly red on the tip and edge, or down the center or over the whole surface attends inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach or the bowels. A white velvet tongue attends mental diseases. A tongue red at the tips, becoming brown, dry and glazed, attends the typhus state. The description of the symptoms might be extended indefinitely, taking in all the propensities and obliquities of mental and moral condition. The tongue is a most expressive as well as unruly member.

WOODEN WAX MATCHES.—Take common matches and make them up in bundles of twenty-five a piece; then make a strong hot solution of chloride of potash, (that is, about four ounces to the pint of boiling water); dip the matches in this solution and let dry; they will have all the properties of a wax match. If they are varnished with a transparent varnish they will be water-proof.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Did the horseman who "scoured the plain," use soap?

He who loves not books before he comes to thirty years of age, will hardly love them enough afterwards to understand them.

Two hundred and thirty years ago, \$24 purchased the whole city and county of New York.

Our sorrows are like thunder-clouds, which seem very black in the distance, but grow lighter as they approach.

Jet black eyes are an attraction; jet black hair, ditto; but jet black finger-nails should be strenuously avoided.

Some girls in kissing purse up their mouths as if they were about to perform on the flageolet. This is wrong. Kissing is a luxury that should

be indulged in with "an appetite," and not nibbled at as if it were "a pizen."

Women are generally better creatures than men. Perhaps they have, taken universally, weaker appetites and weaker intellects, but they have much stronger affections. A man with a bad heart has been sometimes saved by a strong head; but a corrupt woman is lost for ever.

FAIRFAX COURT-HOUSE must not be understood to be a mere edifice standing by itself, like a sentinel at his post. It is a smart little town, and the capital of Fairfax county, in Virginia. It is only 21 miles south of Washington, and about 129 miles north of Richmond, the capital of the State. Here are the county buildings; and here civil cases are tried, culprits condemned, and the public records kept. The population is about 450. This town, small as it is, already commands attention in the present war history; its position will, as events progress, render it famous in the future history of the present Civil War.

"LET HIM GO."—When you've lost a lover, let him go. Never try to stay his departure, nor to get him back. Love that can serve you so, was never worth the having. It was an insult and an imposture from the first. Be thankful to be rid of it at last. No doubt 'tis a hard and bitter thing to suffer as you must from wounded confidence and affection; but it is not half so hard and bitter to suffer because you have lost that man, as it would be to endure the having of him. As soon as you can gain your own consent to give him up entirely, and to look his meanness fairly in the face, you will be free and happy again, which you never could be had you become his wife.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Management of Miss Louisa Payne and Mr. W. Harrison, Sole Lessees.

Every Evening an entirely New Grand Opera, in Four Acts, by Howard Glover, entitled *THE PRINCE OF AFRICA*, Principal characters by Miss Louisa Payne, Susan Payne, Thirwall, and Miss Jessie M'Lean (her first appearance on the English stage); Mr. Santley, A. St. Albans, Patsy, and Mr. W. Harrison.

Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. In First Act, *Pas de Deux* by Mlle. Lamoureux and Mr. H. Payne. The Box Office open from Ten to Five daily. No charge for booking nor fees to box-keepers.

GAS STOVES, GAS BATHS,

GAS COOKING APPARATUS, warranted the best in England, at PHILLIPS'S, the original inventor and Manufacturer, and General Gas-Fitter, &c., by appointment, 44, Skinner-street, Snowhill, London, E.C.

PATENT SAFETY ATLAS CHANDELIERS, Sun and Star Burners, Outside Lamps, Patent Reflecting Lamps, Portable Coppers for either Gas or Fuel, and all kinds of Gas and Water Fittings. Best quality for Gas, Steam, or Hot Water, &c., &c.

FRENCH WINE BOTTLES,

Soda Water Bottles, Confectioners' Bottles, Drug, Dispensing, and Custard Oil Bottles, Wine, Ale, and Porter Bottles, ALLS, and CIDER GLASS BOTTLE COMPANY, Castleford, Free Trade Wharf, Bradford, and 61, King William-street, E.C. The Patent Stopped Bottles of all kinds.

FEEDING BOTTLES (BOURNE and TAYLOR'S),

with Elastic Tube, are universally admitted to be the best substitute ever invented either to assist or supply the absence of the mother's breast. Price 2s. 6d. each. May be had of all Chemists, and at 35, Castle-street, Holborn.

TIC DOLOREUX AND TOOTHACHE CURED BY THE

GALVANIC CHAIN BANDS!!!

"United Presbyterian Name, Oban, August 12, 1861. "DEAR SIR,—The Rev. Alexander Brunton, of this house, has an ILL GALVANIC Chain, with which he has afforded immediate relief to several persons afflicted with toothache, rheumatism, &c., and one very acutely painful case of tic doloureux. I will try the chain as advised.—Yours truly, (Captain) D. C. CAMMELL."

Numerous Authentic Medical and Scientific Reports of Cures in many other diseases, with Thousands of Testimonials, are compiled in a Pamphlet.—PULVERMACH'S IMPROVED MEDICO-GALVANIC SYSTEM OF SELF-APPLICATION, (sent post free), by J. L. PULVERMACH and CO., 73, Oxford-street, London, where the original letters may be seen.

LOOK TO YOUR TEETH.—

Mr. FRANÇOIS (late JEAN), Surgeon-Dentist, continues to supply his Celebrated ARTIFICIAL TEETH, on Valentin's base, at 28, a Tooth, and 22 1/2, a Set. These Teeth are more natural, comfortable, and durable than any yet produced, and are self-adhesive. 42, Judd-street, near King's-cross and Euston-square. CONSULTATION FREE.

RHEUMATISM, RHEUMATIC GOUT,

and Rheumatic Fever, cured by DR. SPENCER'S RHEUMATIC COMPOUND, which may be taken with perfect safety, containing no Colchicum, nor any other ingredient detrimental to health. This Medicine is dispensed gratuitously to the Poor by the London Bible Mission, and by the most respectable Druggists. Wholesale and Retail Depot, 70, Mark-lane, E.C. Price 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per bottle.

ROYAL ASYLUM OF ST. ANN'S

A SOCIETY affording Clothing, Maintenance, and Education to orphan and other necessitous Children of Parents once in Prosperity, by Voluntary Contributions. Brixton Hill, and Aldersgate.

Patrons.—Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Prince Consort, and the Royal Family.

New Candidates may be nominated for the Half-yearly Election. Donations gratefully received by Messrs. SPOONER, 27, Gracechurch-street; or by Office, 2, Warburton-street.

Executors of benefactors by will have the Privilege of Life Governors for every £50 bequeathed.

KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL, Portugal-

street, Lincoln's Inn.

The new Wards are now in use, and the Committee respectfully invite the Governors and other friends of the Charity, through whose munificent liberality the new Hospital has been erected, as well as all those who take an interest in the welfare of the sick poor, to visit and inspect the new building.

The Hospital receives annually 1,500 in-patients, and affords medical relief to upwards of 30,000 out-patients. The nursing department is conducted by the Lady Sisters and Nurses of St. John's Training Institution, in arrangement by which the very poorest patients have all those advantages of attention and skilful nursing which are so highly appreciated by the wealthier classes of community.

King's College Hospital has no endowment, and is wholly dependent for support upon voluntary subscriptions and legacies. The Committee are therefore compelled to rely from day to day upon the benevolence of the charitable public; and, gratefully remembering the support which they received whilst in the old Hospital, they APPEAL with increased confidence for AID, now that the public munificence has enabled them to erect an edifice in every way worthy of the great work of charity which King's College Hospital was designed to promote.

Donations are gratefully received at the office of the Secretary, JAMES BLYTH, Secretary.

